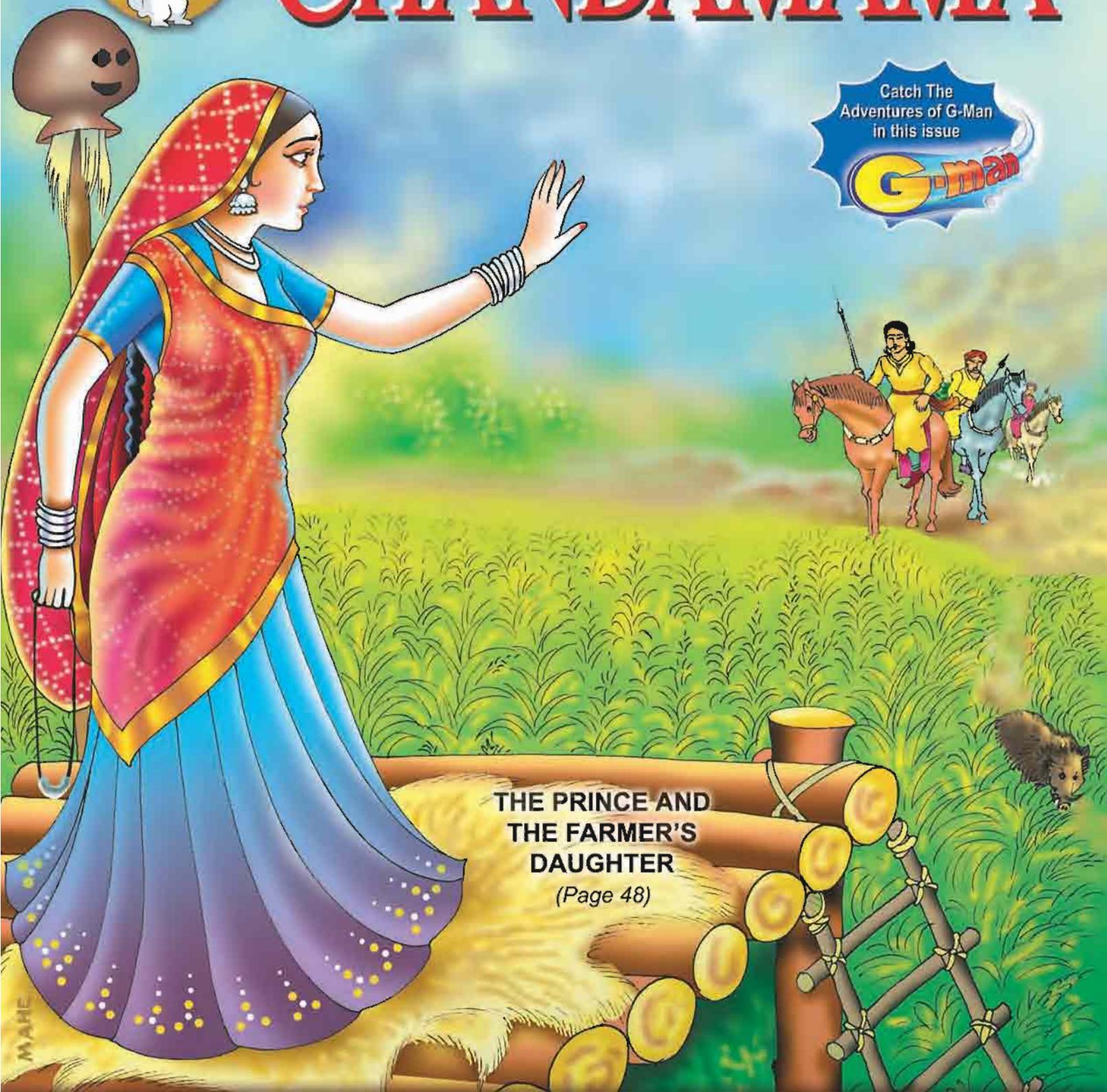


APRIL 2005 Rs. 15/-

# CHANDAMAMA



THE PRINCE AND  
THE FARMER'S  
DAUGHTER  
(Page 48)

MAHE

KALEIDOSCOPE (WRITINGS OF CHILDREN UNDER 14 YEARS OF AGE)



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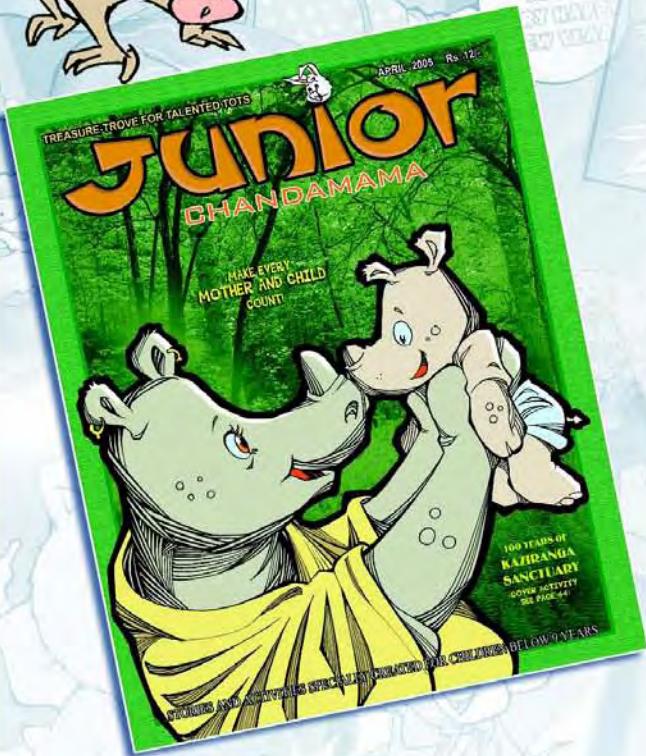
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# UNITY IS STRENGTH

If we look at Nature, we will find birds flocking together and animals living in herds, for the sake of survival. That is how they protect themselves. In the beginning, human beings, too, lived in communities. As civilizations progressed, they became prosperous and preferred a unitary existence and drifted away from the community. This resulted in an imbalance in the whole system. Out of this imbalance arose insecurity, but whenever there is a threat to life, whenever there is a tragedy, they once again come together, for their survival.

Three months ago, India suffered one of the worst tragedies in recent times. The destruction and devastation was of such magnitude that while people shed tears for all those who lost their lives, they also realised that those who were left behind – orphaned, maimed, deprived of their possessions and facing a bleak future - needed immediate and urgent succour.

Appeals for help - in cash and kind–were made by the governments–both at the Centre and in the States. Newspapers and TV channels, which have the capability of reaching millions of households and the public, announced their sizeable donations and invited contributions by opening relief funds. Several non-government organisations (NGOs) began collections, especially in kind, like food, clothes and building materials.

India rose as one man. As the oft-repeated expression goes, the country was “down, but not out”. Led by the Prime Minister, Dr. Manmohan Singh, the nation displayed its determination to face the aftermath of the tragedy stoically and by deriving strength from its own resources. It was really a show of strength, arising from unity–unity among the people.

*Chandamama* hopes that this was only a beginning, but a great beginning, and such strength of unity will be discernible in the people even later and the nation would overcome any adversity in future. This unity has been the dream of our President Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam and our elders. It looks as though we do not have to wait till 2020 to see India becoming a great nation.

How true the proverb ‘Unity is strength!’

It is not truth that makes man great, but man who makes truth great.

The superior man is firm on the right way, and not merely firm.

The superior man thinks always of virtue; the common man thinks of comfort.

- **Confucious**

The enemies of Freedom do not argue; they shout and they shoot.

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it falls due.

- **Dean Inge**

# MAIL BAG



*This came from reader  
Ramhari U.Gholve of Pune:*

A few months ago, our President Dr.A.P.J.Abdul Kalam had given a message to all citizens of India regarding environment, illiteracy and other topics. *Chandamama* had given vast publicity across the country and abroad. Because of this, school-going children were inspired much. My son, Rohit, planted a few saplings around our residence and used waste water to irrigate them. *Chandamama* is not only providing entertainment through several stories and knowledge through its many features, but it is teaching more.

*Reader Foram Shah of Mumbai writes:*

I love to read *Chandamama* very much. I like your stories and information features. I would like you to give something on craft-easy things to do. I hope you will accept my request.

*Kumtesh Bharucha writes from Mumbai:*

*Chandamama* is our family favourite. What we like most is the Vikram-Vetala stories. Please publish a bumper issue with more stories and puzzles. Are you planning to bring out books of stories in *Chandamama*?

*Reader D.Naresh, of Miryalaguda, writes:*

I am a graduate. I was introduced to *Chandamama* by a friend when I was in the 9th class. I have been reading the magazine since then. I am an ardent admirer of *Chandamama*. All the stories are fantastic and superb. I like Kaleidoscope and Puzzle-Dazzle very much. The Read and React and Photo Caption contests enhance the creativity of the readers.

*Reader Abhishek V.Potnis of Mumbai  
has this to say:*

I am a regular reader of *Chandamama*. I like the magazine very much, as it is very informative.

*This came from 13-year-old  
Salil Dilip Pol of Thane:*

I am a daily reader of *Chandamama*. I love it because it is very much different from other magazines. It gives children living in any part of the world a chance to present themselves through their writings. There are many good things in it. I enjoy reading all the articles and stories in *Chandamama*.

NEW TALES  
OF KING  
VIKRAM AND  
THE VETALA

# The short tempered ascetic

**I**t was a dark, moonless night. Occasional flashes of lightning lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky and frightening shadows in the cremation ground. Occasionally, the spine-chilling howl of

a jackal or the blood-curdling laughter of some unseen evil spirit cut into the silence that hung, shroud-like, over the area.

Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the ancient gnarled tree from which the corpse hung. Bones crunched under his feet and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched ahead.

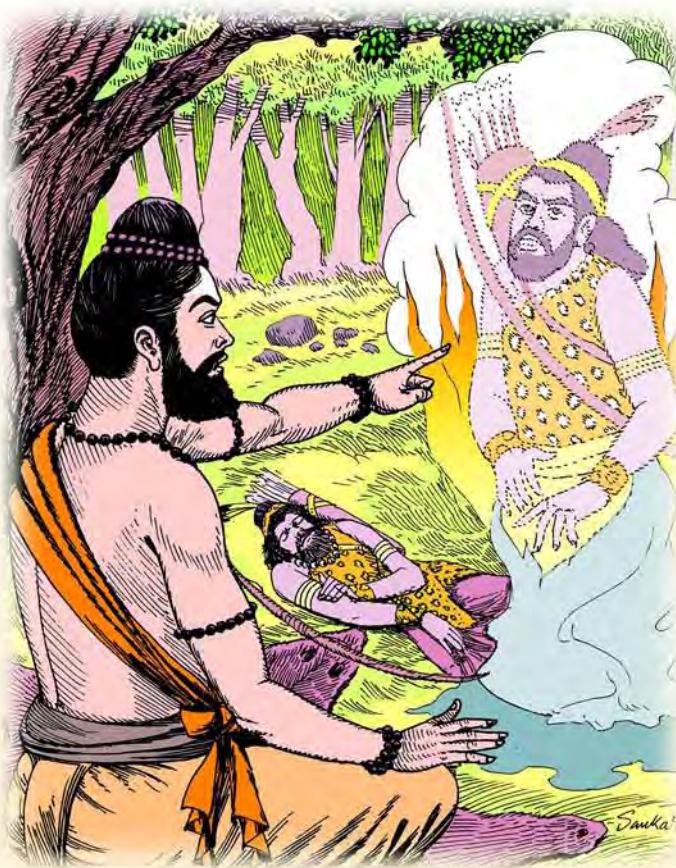
Oblivious to all this, he reached the tree and brought down the corpse. Slinging it over his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, you have been labouring tirelessly for a very long time. Perhaps it is your guru who has set you on this pursuit. But some wise gurus have a habit of couching their advice in ambiguous words, so that their real meaning remains an enigma! Perhaps your guru, too, is one such. The story of Sage Sutivra is an example."

The story narrated by the Vetala went as follows:

Once upon a time, an ascetic named Sutivra was sitting in a trance in the forest, when two tribal hunters came there. Exhausted by the long hunt, one of them fell down in a swoon. The other, in panic, ran to the ascetic and requested him for water to revive his friend. Finding him unresponsive, he shook him and roused him from his trance.

Overcome by fury at having been disturbed, Sutivra administered a curse on the hunter, which instantly





reduced him to a pile of ashes. Moments later, when the other hunter came back to his senses and found out what had happened, he pleaded with the ascetic to revoke his curse and restore his friend to life. Sutivra, who by now was feeling ashamed of his fit of temper, replied, "I can only curse, but don't have the power to revoke my curses. Let me go to my guru and ask him how your friend may be revived. Meanwhile, please stand guard over his ashes."

After a long journey Sutivra reached the ashram of his guru, Sushanta, and told him the whole story. Sushanta said, "My boy, anger is man's greatest enemy. Your anger is undoing the effect of your penance; you would do well to rein it in. The hunter will be restored to life if you surrender the fruits of your penance."

Finding this a painful alternative, Sutivra asked his guru if there was no other way out. Sushanta answered, "In Vishnupur lives a householder named Madhav. If he gives you a part of his *punya* (merit accrued from good deeds or penance), the hunter will come back to life. You may go and meet him."

Sutivra immediately set out for Vishnupur. On the way, he came across a group of young girls. Among them was one so beautiful that he could not help staring at her. The girl chided him, "You're an ascetic, but instead of thinking of God, you're feasting your eyes on my beauty! Have you no shame?"

Stung by the rebuke, Sutivra instantly retorted, "So proud of your beauty, are you? May you turn into an ugly woman!"

The next moment, his curse came true, as the beautiful damsel turned into an unsightly lass. Weeping bitterly, she ran away.

Sutivra continued on his journey and soon reached Vishnupur, where he asked a passing youth to show him the way to Madhav's house. But instead of complying, the youth sarcastically said, "So, despite being an ascetic, you have an eye on Madhav's beautiful daughter, do you? But let me warn you that I'm in love with her; if you try any tricks, I won't hesitate to kill you!"

When he heard this, Sutivra was so furious that he shouted, "Become dumb, you insolent fellow!" He then walked away in a huff. Behind him, the youth gesticulated wildly, discovering that he had suddenly become incapable of speech.

Finally, Sutivra reached Madhav's house, where he found Madhav sitting on the verandah. He walked up to him and introduced himself as a disciple of Sage Sushanta, whereupon Madhav welcomed him cordially and, after offering him a seat, enquired after his guru's welfare.

Sutivra could not find any fault in Madhav's hospitality. But he soon wondered, 'This man seems just like any other householder; what is so special about him that my guru sent me to obtain *punya* from him?' Impelled by curiosity, he asked Madhav what he did and how he spent his time. Was he in the habit of doing penance or performing any special rituals?

Madhav replied, "Well, I wake up early in the morning, take my bath and busy myself with chores in and around the house. As and when possible, I help others in need. When I have free time, I read some good books. I sleep on time. I eschew anger and extreme emotions."

Sutivra was astonished to note that Madhav's daily

routine did not include prayer or meditation. He enquired, “Don’t you pray to God at least once a day?”

“Is there any place where God does not dwell? Why then should I pray to God who, after all, lives in me and in others like me? Helping others and living happily is as good as any prayer or ritual.”

Sutivra was furious. “You’re mocking me! Are you saying that the penance I have been doing all these years is useless?”

Madhav calmly replied, “O holy man, I was speaking of myself. I did not say anything about you. My personal belief is that doing penance is a waste of time.”

When he heard this, Sutivra’s temper got the better of him and, as was his wont, without pausing to think he shouted, “Atheists like you must be punished! This very moment, may your limbs get paralysed and may you lose your eyesight!”

Wonder of wonders! Sutivra’s curses had no effect on Madhav whatsoever. In the same calm voice, he said, “O great soul, you’re an ascetic. It was wrong on my part to provoke you to anger, and I apologise. Please

calm down. Tell me, is it fair to expect someone to change his long-held views so suddenly?” Sutivra was dumbstruck. Finding his tongue with difficulty, he at last said in a voice choked with pain, “My curse did not affect you. Obviously you’re a greater soul than I!”

Madhav humbly replied, “No, O sage! You use the power you obtained by penance to punish people who do wrong. But each time you do this, you lose a bit of your power. By your power, you burnt a hunter to ashes, destroyed a girl’s beauty, and made a young man dumb. With this, you exhausted your power. Now let me ask you – haven’t you come here to ask me to donate my *punya* so that the people you cursed may be liberated from the curses? Until they are back to normal, your curse would not affect me. I grant it. Now you have also regained your power – you may curse me if you like!”

Sutivra did not curse Madhav. He bowed to him and silently walked away. On his way back, he saw that all the people he had cursed had been restored to their original forms. He returned to his guru, told him all that had happened and asked him for an explanation.



Sushanta explained, "No doubt the power obtained from doing penance is great. But a disciplined man who lives in harmony with nature, discharging his duties and helping others, is more powerful than a short-tempered ascetic than you. He also has more *punya*, since he is unable to curse others and cause them harm."

Sutivra asked, "But Madhav donated his *punya* to free those whom I cursed; so hasn't he lost it now? How long will it take for him to get it back?"

Sushanta smilingly replied, "It is the biggest good deed to donate the merit of one's good deeds to right another's mistake. So, thanks to you, Madhav's *punya*, because of this unselfish good deed, has redoubled instead of diminishing; and for making him do such a thing, your burden of sin has also increased!"

Hearing this, Sutivra turned pale. After a moment's thought he got up, saying, "Guruji! Let me now go back to my penance to recover my lost power and to free myself from the burden of my sin."

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King! Sushanta's explanation hints at the fruitlessness of penance as a method of winning God's favour. Wasn't that why he sent his ascetic disciple Sutivra to the householder Madhav for help? Why then did Sutivra

ultimately return to his routine of penance? Instead of talking ambiguously, why didn't Sushanta advise his disciple clearly to give up his penance and lead a householder's life? If you choose to keep quiet despite knowing the answers, your head shall shatter into a thousand pieces!"

The king replied, "Sutivra's fault was that he was governed by his temper. Such men are fit for neither an ascetic's life nor a householder's life. After hearing from Sutivra of the way in which he had behaved with Madhav, Sushanta could not advise him to lead a householder's life. That is why he merely threw out some hints, but left the onus of taking a decision on his disciple's shoulders. The erstwhile arrogant and short-tempered Sutivra too had learnt his lesson and decided to turn over a new leaf. That is why he resolved to return to the forest and become a good ascetic."

No sooner had the king finished speaking than the vampire, along with the corpse, moved off his shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. King Vikram immediately drew his sword and went after the vampire. He squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree. His dogged determination was very much evident in his steady gait.

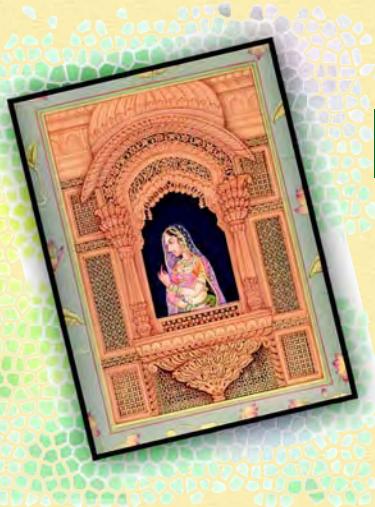


Experiments conducted in college laboratories have demonstrated that hard rock music played to colonies of termites induce the insects to go into a frenzy and chew through wood at twice their normal rate – truly a 'rocking' effect, that!





# INDIASCOPE



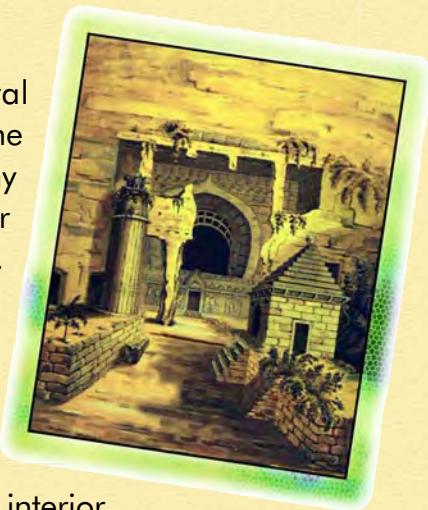
## Mughal Miniatures

It was the Mughal rulers who brought the art of miniature painting to India. After he suffered defeat at the hands of Sher Shah Suri, Emperor Humayun went into exile in Persia (now Iran). When he returned to India in less than a year, he was accompanied by two Persian painters, Abdus Samad and Mulla Dost Muhammad. Besides giving tuition to the young prince, Akbar, the two painters trained both Hindu and Muslim artists in the technique of miniature painting. Akbar made use of their talents in illustrating the Persian translation of *Hamzanama*. The work was completed in some 15 years and the manuscript had nearly a thousand illustrated pages, all in 12 volumes. Later, the *Babur-nama* and the *Akbar-nama* were also embellished by miniature paintings. With the decline of the Mughal empire, this art also faded from popular use. However, the technique came to be developed by regional schools of painting, like the Rajasthan and Pahari schools.

## Cave temples

Mention Ellora and Ajanta, and the thoughts go to the mural paintings inside the cave temples there. Have you at any time imagined how these temples have been carved out of hard rock? Many of you must have gone to the seaside, and after playing in the water for some time, you would have built castles and houses in the sand. You go about by first making a heap of sand and then "carving" out the entrance and rooms and other details. In exactly the same way, rocks are cut and carved out to make caves and even temples, where there is no "brick upon brick" activity. In India, rock-cutting was started some 2,000 years ago. First, an outline was drawn on the mountain-side followed by removal of large chunks of rock to make an interior.

The work is done from roof downwards. The cave temple at Karle, near Mumbai, was carved more than 1,900 years ago. It is famous for its pillars on either side and on a straight line. The stone-cutters who had worked on it must have been perfectionists. It appears the architect who created the Kailasa temple in Ellora could not believe that he himself was responsible for the wonderful handiwork!





# OWLS IN THE FAMILY

From the pen of  
Ruskin Bond

**O**ne morning we found a full-fledged baby spotted owlet on the ground by the verandah steps. When Grandfather picked it up, it hissed and clacked its bill, but after a meal of raw meat and water, it settled down for the day under my bed.

The spotted owlet, even when full grown, is only the size of a mynah, and has none of the sinister appearance of the larger owls. A pair of them may often be found in an old mango or tamarind tree, and by tapping on the tree trunk you may be able to persuade the bird to show an enquiring face at the entrance to its hole. The bird is not normally afraid of man, nor is it strictly a night-bird; but it prefers to stay at home during the day, as it is sometimes attacked by other birds, who consider all owls as their enemies.

The little owlet was quite happy under my bed. The following day a second owlet was found in almost the same place on the verandah, and only then did we realise that where the rainwater pipe emerged through the roof, there was a rough sort of nest, from which the birds had fallen. We took the second young owl to join the first, and fed them both. When I went to bed they were on the ledge just inside the mosquito netting, and later in the night their mother found them there. From outside she crooned and gurgled for a long time, and in the morning I found that she had left a mouse with its tail tucked through the mosquito net! Obviously she placed no reliance on me as a foster-parent.

The young birds thrived and, ten days later at dawn, Grandfather and I took them into the garden to release them. I had placed one on a branch of the mango tree, and was stooping to pick up the other, when I received quite a heavy blow on the back of my head. A second or two later, the mother owl swooped down at Grandfather, but he was agile enough to duck out of its way. Quickly I placed the second owl under the mango tree. Then from

a safe distance we watched the mother fly down and lead her offspring into the long grass at the edge of the garden. We thought she would take her family away from the vicinity of our rather strange household; but next morning, on coming out of my room, I found two young owls standing on the wall just outside the door! I ran to tell Grandfather, and when we came back we found the mother sitting on the bird-bath ten yards away. She was evidently feeling sorry for her behaviour the previous day, because she greeted us with a soft 'whoo-whoo'.

"Now there's an unselfish mother for you!" said Grandfather. "It's obvious she'd like them to have a good home. And they're probably getting a bit too big for her to manage."





MAHE

So the two owlets became regular members of our household and, strangely enough, were among the few pets that Grandmother took a liking to. She objected to all snakes, most monkeys, and some crows, but she took quite a fancy to the owls, and frequently fed them on spaghetti. They seemed quite fond of spaghetti. In fact, the owls became so attached to Grandmother that they began to show affection towards anyone in a petticoat, including Aunt Mabel, who was terrified of them. She would run shrieking from the room every time one of the birds sidled up to her in a friendly manner.

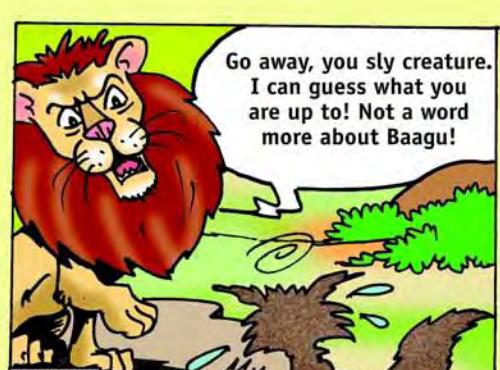
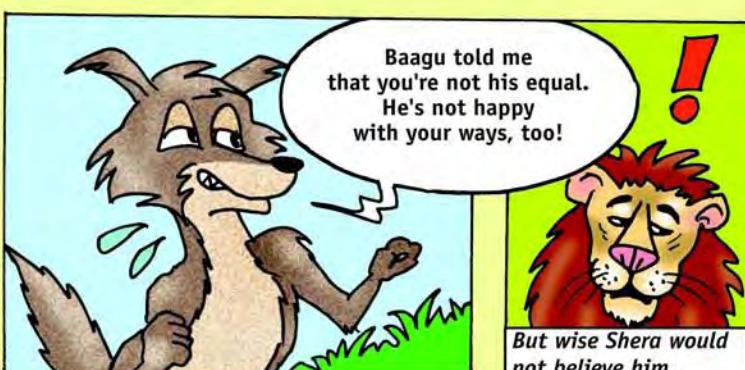
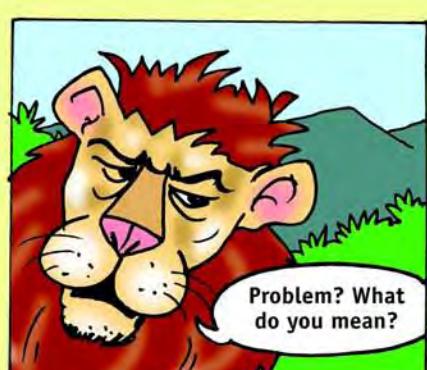
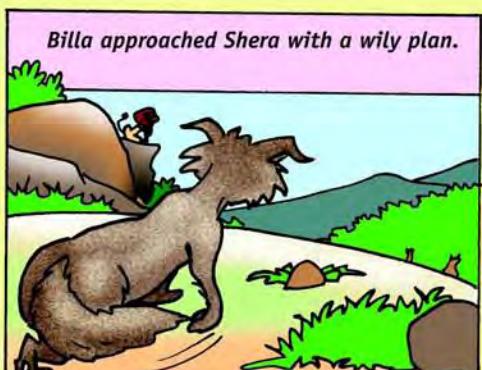
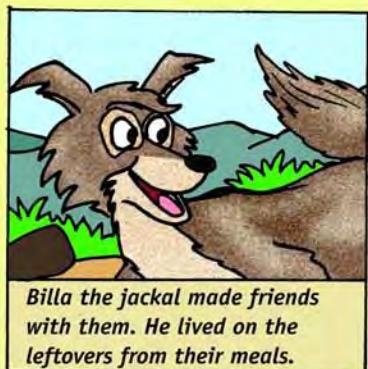
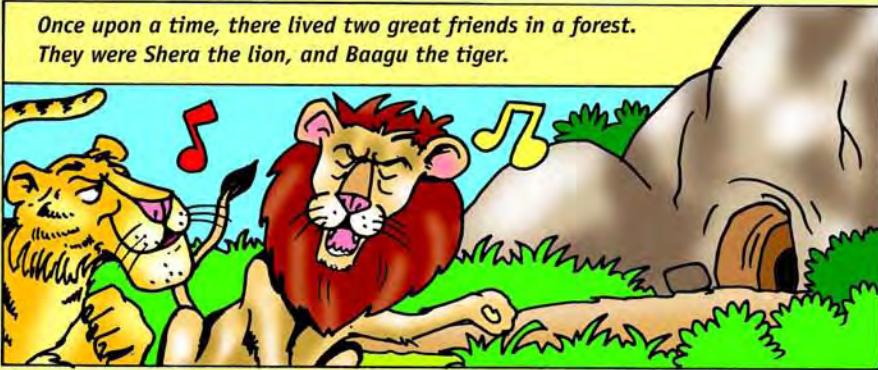
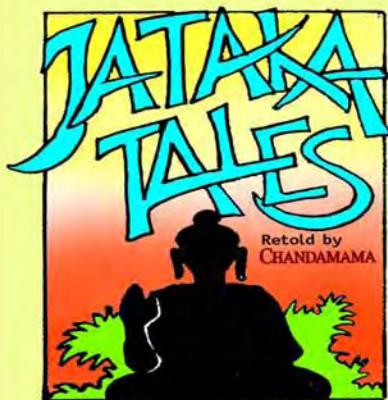
Forgetful of the fact that Grandfather and I had reared them, the owls would sometimes swell their feathers and snap at anyone in trousers. To avoid displeasing them, Grandfather wore a petticoat at feeding time. This mild form of transvestism appeared to satisfy them. I compromised by wearing an apron.

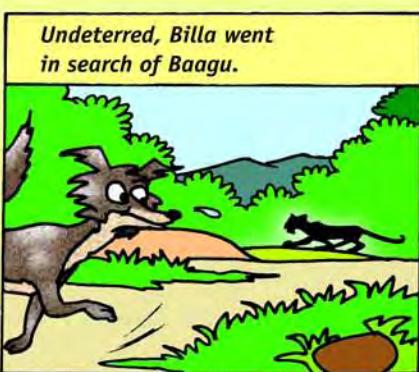
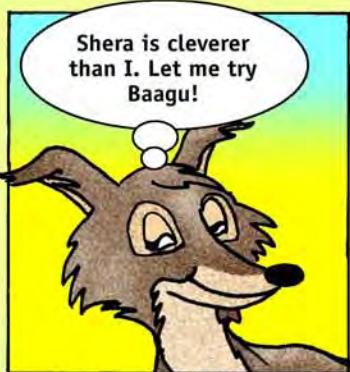
In response to Grandmother's voice, the owlets would make sounds as gentle and soothing as the purring of a cat; but when wild owls were around, ours would rend the night with blood-curdling shrieks. Their nightly

occupation was catching beetles, with which the kitchen-quarters were infested at the time. With their sharp eyes and powerful beaks they were excellent pest destroyers.

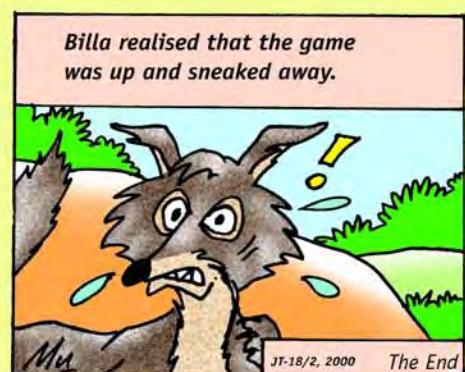
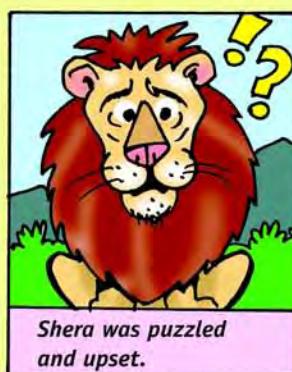
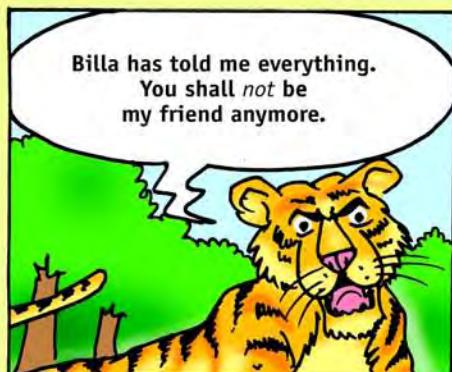
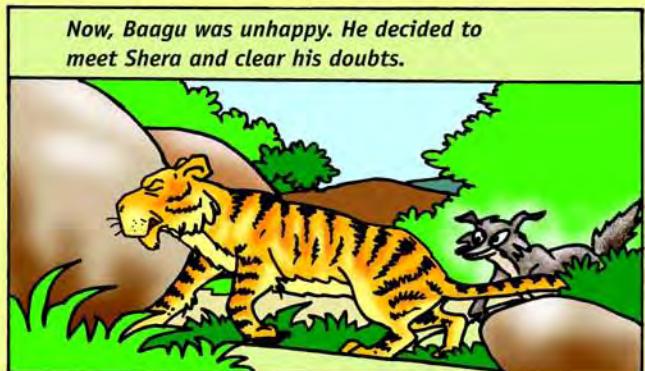
The owls loved to sit and splash in a shallow dish, especially if cold water was poured over them from a jug at the same time. They would get thoroughly wet, jump out on to a perch, shake themselves, then return for a second splash and sometimes a third. During the day they dozed in large cages under the trees in the garden. They needed cages for protection against attacks from wild birds. At night they had the freedom of the house, where they exercised their wings as much as they liked. Superstitious folk, who dread the cry of the owl, may be interested to know that there were no untoward deaths in the house - mice excepted - during the owl's residency.

Looking back on those owlish days, I carry in my mind a picture of Grandmother with a contented look in her rocking-chair. Once, on entering her room while she was having an afternoon nap, I saw that one of the owls had crawled up her pillow till its head was snuggled under her ear. Both Grandmother and the little owl were snoring.





Billa poisoned the tiger's ears with crafty lies. And lo! Baagu believed him.



JT-18/2, 2000 The End

# They braved tsunami

*In the closing days of 2004, several Asian countries suffered the greatest tragedy in their history when, on December 26, an underwater earthquake of the magnitude of 9.8 on the Richter scale triggered the worst ever tsunami which caused havoc of every kind. Streaks of silver lining in the clouds were seen when, among other things, children reportedly saved themselves and went on to save others. We present here a pick of such happenings. - Editor*

**W**ould you believe that 13-year-old **Meghna Rashekhar**, daughter of an officer with the Indian Air Force stationed in Car Nicobar island drifted, in the open sea for two full days before she was rescued? When the tsunami struck the island that fateful morning, the worst affected was the Air Base and the staff quarters around. Meghna's double storeyed house in the officers enclave was washed away and she was, among others,

thrown out into the Bay of Bengal. She caught hold of a broken wooden window and battled the rough tides of the sea for two days. She was later washed ashore on a snake-infested island 15km away from her home. She managed to survive the hazards for one night before she was found by some army men. Poor Meghna, when she was brought back to Car Nicobar, she was unaware that both her parents had lost their lives in the disaster.

**B.Mala**, a Class V student living in Besant Nagar in Chennai, very close to the sea, was at the hand pump collecting water from the common tap, when she noticed that waves had encroached into their residential area. She ran to her home, but there was no home, only water. She had a glance of her mother, who had come out of her house, but water had risen up to her neck. As she was wailing for her mother, Mala saw her neighbour's children at a distance. She picked up five year old Nivedha and ran to a garbage van which was about to move away. After dropping the girl, Mala ran back to fetch 6-year-old Ashok Kumar. She found him too heavy to be lifted, so she dragged him to the van and then

climbed on to it. The driver drove away with the three children to safety.

**Muralidhar** of Car Nicobar saved himself by climbing on to a tree as the killer waves continued to lash the island for days together. He could not get down for ten days and remained perched on the tree without food or water. A medical team from Maharashtra found this 14-year-old boy lying unconscious and suffering from severe dehydration. After first aid, he was taken to Port Blair in the Andaman island for further treatment. The doctors said it was a miracle as the boy had survived for ten days without food or water.

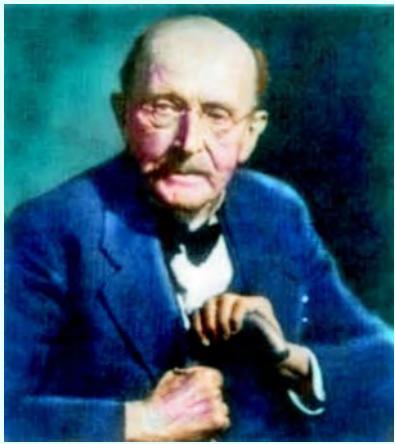
Coconut trees near the Fify Resort in south Thailand saved the lives of two children from Taiwan who had gone there to spend the Christmas holidays. Six-year-old **Yeh-chyam-ni** was swept away by high-rising waves until she saw a coconut tree to which she clung for her life. She had to remain there for two days before rescue came. She lost her mother to the waves. Four-year-old **Vatanyu-pha-opas** had a similar experience. He managed to climb a coconut tree where he spent a whole day and night. His parents had at one time lost all hope of finding him alive.

Ten year old **Tilly**, a British school girl holidaying with her parents in Phuket, one of the Thai islands, saw a wall of waves rising in front of her. That was minutes after she started noticing the sea behaving “funny”. Was it a tsunami? she wondered, remembering what her teacher had taught her in the geography class. She ran to tell her parents and to warn the hundreds of tourists on the beach and some others still inside the hotels near the Meikavo beach at that time. When thousands of people in the holiday resorts elsewhere in Thailand lost their lives, everybody in Meikavo could move out to safety, thanks to Tilly who subsequently came to be described as ‘the angel of the beach’. “Last term, our teacher had taught

us about earthquakes and how they can cause tsunamis,” she recalled later. “I noticed the water going funny. I sensed there was going to be a tsunami.” She was not very much off the mark.

A similar feeling came to **Shikha Sharma**, a college student, who was at the Golden Beach, a popular resort near Chennai. “The children were playing in the shallow waters, when suddenly I noticed the waves getting rough and the water turning very cold. I called out to them to come away from the water.” Within seconds, a big wave threw them all to the sands. The five children, between 7 and 15, began running away along with Shikha and sister Pooja, and their friends Lavanya and Priya. They were being chased by a huge wave which soon covered the lawns of the beachhouse they were staying in. First the compound wall collapsed and the whole building was under water. They ran out through the backdoor and scaled the walls. The waves hauled their cars several plots away. The youngsters, barring Lavanya and Priya who were trapped inside the house, got into the adjacent house and climbed to a room at the top. The swelling waters pulled out 15-year-old **Sakshi**, and seven year old **Mayank** jumped in to save her. Both of them were now pulled by the receding waters into the sea. Fortunately, they could wade into the safety of land.

In Indonesia’s worst hit Aceh, five year old **Wira** was taken to the rehabilitation camp in Meulaboh. He was crying “Mother, mother!” One can imagine the relief that came to his elder brother and younger sister when they saw him. They were all restored to their parents in due course. But this was two days after the tsunami. Wira had spent those two days floating in the sea on a mattress. Disaster struck when water rushed through their home and swept away the three children. Wira caught hold of whatever came his way till he got the mattress and clung on to it.



## APRIL BORN-MAX PLANCK

**M**ax Planck fathered the quantum theory, which is one of the greatest contributions to physics. He was born on April 23, 1858. Son of a professor of civil law, Max Planck had his primary education in Kiel, Germany, and later in Munich where his parents moved over. He was taught mechanics and astronomy by Hermann Mueller, whose elucidation of the principle of conservation of energy made a deep impression on young Planck.

When he was 16, he joined the University of Munich. Initially he chose mathematics, but later switched over to physics. After three years in Munich, he went to Berlin University and studied under three famous physicists, Kirchhoff, Helmholtz, and Clausius. Planck got his Ph. D in physics in 1879.

Next year he joined Munich University as instructor in physics. In 1885, he became an associate professor and later Professor of Theoretical Physics at the University of Kiel. He succeeded his eminent teacher, Kirchhoff, as Professor at the University of Berlin in 1889. An Institute of Theoretical Physics was created there for him and he was made its Director, in which post he served for 37 years till he retired in 1926.

Planck pursued an intensive investigation of black-body radiation which led him to his momentous contributions to physics. Kirchhoff had earlier concluded from his work on black-body radiation that a perfect black body which absorbed all radiation of any wavelength falling on it would, if heated to very high temperatures, emit all wavelengths. Planck arrived at the revolutionary concept that radiation of a specific frequency is absorbed and emitted in minute packets or bundles of particles which he called *quanta* (from Latin word meaning *how much?*). He applied this concept to black-body radiation and could correctly explain the distribution of the different wavelengths.

Planck's scientific achievement gained universal renown and recognition. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1918 for his quantum theory. In 1930 he was made President of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society for Scientific Research in Berlin, which was renamed the Max Planck Society. During World War II, he met with several tragedies one after another. In 1944 his home in Berlin was destroyed in an air raid by the Allies and he lost all his valuable books and manuscripts. His first son was killed in action during the War and his second son was executed by the Nazis for his alleged conspiracy against Hitler. His twin daughters died during childbirth.

After the defeat of Hitler's Germany, Planck moved over to Goettingen. He was made the Director of the Max Planck Institute for the Advancement of Science, which was by then shifted to Goettingen from Berlin. He continued to maintain his deep interest in science till he passed away on October 4, 1947. He is remembered as one of the greatest physicists ever.

# BIO-COMPUTER TO DETECT CANCER



**S**cientists of the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel have programmed the world's smallest computer to detect cancer of the prostate and lung. The team of scientists guided by Prof. Ehud Shapiro (photo) used a computer they had designed and made entirely of biological molecules. An idea of the size of the computer can be imagined by pointing out that a drop of water can hold about a trillion (one million million) of such computers!

The biological molecules constituting the computer consist of three units: *input*, *computation* and *output*. The *input unit* is made up of short strands of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). These DNA molecules contain all the vital information about the genes in living cells and formulae for all life processes.

These molecules check for the presence of a single-strand substance called messenger ribonucleic acid (mRNA). The mRNA is controlled by four chosen genes. If cancer has set in, the four genes in the cell would have become under-active or over-active.

The *computation unit*, consisting of a long hairpin-shaped DNA strand, then checks each input in turn. Only if all the four genes point to cancer will the computation unit give a diagnosis of cancer. The computation unit also contains the third unit or component of the bio-computer which is again a single strand DNA known to have the potential to fight cancer. If the diagnosis by the computation unit reveals cancer in all the four genes, the third unit DNA activates its fighting potential. There is thus a possibility that in the not-too-distant future, cancer can be diagnosed and treated even without looking for the appearance of symptoms.

## APPLIED SCIENCE

I often wish that this phrase, "applied science", had never been invented. For, it suggests that there is a sort of scientific knowledge of direct practical use, which can be studied apart from another sort of scientific knowledge, which is of no practical utility, and which is termed "pure science." What people call applied science is nothing but the application of pure science to particular classes of problems.

- **Thomas Henry Huxley**

The concepts of space and time are so basic for the description of natural phenomena that their modification entails a modification of the whole framework that we use to describe nature. The most important consequence of this modification is the realization that mass is nothing but a form of energy.

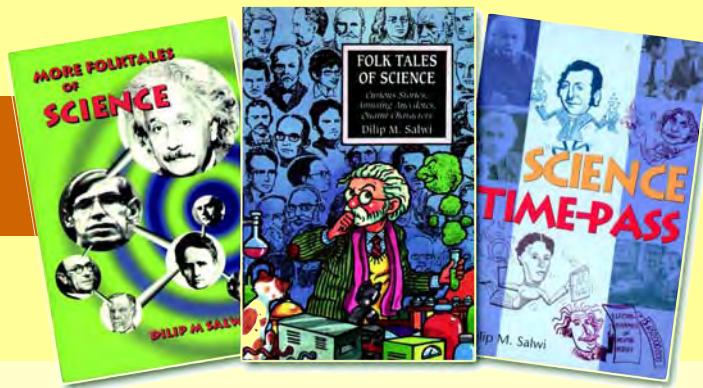
- **Fritjof Capra**

## SCIENCE QUIZ

1. Who completed the first logarithmic tables? a. Kepler; b. John Napier; c. J. Burgi; d. Hollerith.
2. What is considered to be the normal human blood temperature in degrees centigrade? a. 37; b. 100; c. 98.6; d. 32.
3. Who gave the name 'Pacific' to the world's largest ocean?  
a. Columbus b. Amundsen  
c. Magellan d. Cook
4. Which is the only continent where the Llama is found? a. Europe b. Asia c. South America  
d. Antarctica

Answers: 1. b. John Napier in 1614, 2. c. 98.6,  
3. c. Ferdinand Magellan, 4. d. Antarctica.

## BOOK REVIEW



Folktales of Science Rs 50  
 More Folktales of  
 Science Rs 195  
 Science Time-Pass Rs 195

All from Rupa and Co.  
 New Delhi

**W**e have all heard of anecdotes about the proverbial absent-mindedness of professors and eccentricity of scientists. Their genius and their obsessive preoccupation with scientific ideas set them a class apart. They haven't had it easy. Over the centuries, they have often been misunderstood and scoffed at, and have had to battle scepticism at every stage. A case in point is that of Meghnad Saha, whose fiancée Radharani's grandmother asked her son (Saha's father-in-law to be) why he hadn't drowned his daughter in the Padma instead of marrying her to a 'ne'er-do-well' scientist! Saha later used to claim that it was Radha who had brought him luck!

We cannot but admire the indefatigable sense of humour of the Jewish geo-chemist, Victor Moritz Goldschmidt. When a colleague asked him for the capsule of poison he always carried in his pocket to escape Nazi torture, he replied, "This poison is for chemistry professors only. As a professor of mechanics, you'll have to use a rope!"

Many such engaging anecdotes form the content of the quaintly named *Folktales of Science*, and its sequels, *More Folktales of Science* and *Science Time-Pass*. The word 'folktale' normally brings to mind fascinating grandmother tales of kings and magicians, anyway not stories of scientists! The three books have done a good job of acquainting the casual reader with the frailties and foibles of famous men (and women) of science. The author, Dilip M. Salvi, as he puts it in the preface to *More Folktales of Science*, has 'dug into the biographies and autobiographies of a large number of little known, even unknown scientists'. Clearly, it is a labour of love, the writer's intention being to make the world of science interesting to the layman. And in his attempt, the hitherto obscure scientists leap out of the pages as men of flesh and blood.

The late Dilip Salvi, well-known science writer and winner of several national awards for popularising science – is no stranger to *Chandamama* readers. It was he who started the popular 'Science Fair' column in the magazine.

- Rajee Raman



## Gift offer from Chocos

Kellogg's is a by-word in homes where school-going kids the world over love their cereals for breakfast. Kellogg's always thinks of novel ways to attract children. The latest is their detective gang. Want to know who they are? The cartons contain pencil-toppers, with one figure or another. And who are they after? Of course, Croc!

# FLIES AWAY TO FORTUNE



**O**h! These flies!" Mulla Nasruddin cursed when flies made him the ideal landing site putting an end to his hopes of an enjoyable afternoon nap. He got hold of a towel and waved it in all directions. The flies kept away so long as he continued to flail his arms. But how long can one do that? The arms began to ache at the joints. The moment he rested his arms, the flies returned. One of them landed on his upper lip and boldly tickled the tip of his nose, forcing a series of sneezes. Another fly buzzed around his ears; and a third one tried to walk right into his eye. They were here, there and everywhere. He did not know how to get rid of the flies.

Then his eyes fell on his donkey. It was swinging its tail, now to the right, then to the left. The donkey was

Nasruddin got up and walked across to the donkey, muttering to himself, 'Nobody gets a tail for the asking. One has to be born with it. O! Donkey! I feel jealous of you!'

He untied the rope, sat on the donkey's back and made a few sounds, gently poking its ribs with the stick. The donkey moved slowly at first and faster when Nasruddin waved the stick in the air. Soon the flies were left behind. That made the Mulla happy. He placed his hand on the donkey's back and said, "You don't have to run, any more. Just relax. The flies are not chasing us."

Dusk was falling fast when he returned. His wife was at the door, crying her heart out. Her face looked pale. Her eyes were red. It was clear that she was in deep agony.

Nasruddin quickly got off the donkey, ran to her, gently picked up her arm, lifted her chin with his index finger and asked, "What's the matter, dear?"

That was enough to make her burst into loud wails. "Where did you vanish? When you were away, an official

from the Caliph's Court came with four men. They had brought spades and trowels along. The official said there was a hidden treasure buried under the floor of our bedroom, and the Caliph had the right to take away hidden treasures. I asked him to wait till you returned. But he was in a hurry. He ordered his men to get to work. They pushed me aside, threw the cots and the quilts and the pillows and the bedcovers out and dug up the floor. Where the floor once was, you'll now find a four feet deep pit."

The sight that greeted him made him wince. He slumped on the edge of the pit, buried his face in his arms





and sat like one in a daze for long. "Did they find any treasure?" he asked, at last, turning to his wife who was still in tears.

"No," she sobbed.

"You should have asked them to fill up the pit and re-lay the floor," he added.

"Would you have told the official from the Caliph's Court to relay the floor?" she challenged him.

He had no answer. He knew none would have the courage to demand anything as a matter of right from the Caliph. That made Nasruddin fret and fume. "Is it just that the Caliph's men dig up the floor of the bedroom and not repair it?" he asked himself, several times. "No, the Caliph has no right to do that. He must pay for this crime. He must. How can I get even with the Caliph?"

Mulla Nasruddin tossed around, all night, lying on a mat hurriedly set on the floor of the kitchen by his wife, after pushing the pots and pans out of the way. He must

have dropped off to sleep much after midnight. He might have slept longer but for the flies. As soon as day broke, a fly chose his face for a morning walk. Another fly practised dancing on his eyelids.

"Flies! Yesterday the Caliph did me in. Today the flies deny me the right to sleep for as long as I like," he bounced out of bed and groggily walked to the back of the house to brush his teeth and wash his face and hands and legs.

He returned to the kitchen a little later. His wife handed him a mug of hot *khawa* and said, with a smile, "Cheer up, dear. What cannot be cured must be endured. Let us fill the pit and level the floor. When we have money, we shall add a layer of tiles," she snuggled close to him.

"You look pretty, dear," he took a sip of the drink.

A fly settled on the rim of the mug.

"Flies everywhere!" he quickly drank the *khawa*.

Did the drink work wonders? Nasruddin's eyes sparkled suddenly. He asked his wife whether she had anything left of last night's dinner. She nodded his head.

"Fetch it," he said.

She did not ask him why he wanted it. She knew her man and his mood. When he got bright ideas, he expected her not to ask silly questions. She quickly got the dish, held in an earthen pot. He noticed a few flies, romping on the top layer of the dish. He smiled to himself, covered the vessel with a piece of cloth and walked off, telling his wife, "I'll be back soon. I want to show this to the Caliph, tell him how flies are making my life miserable and ask him for the authority to swat flies."

She knew that nobody needed the Caliph's permission to swat flies. That alerted her. She sensed that he had a brainwave. What it was, she didn't know. But she was sure that he would not fail.

He reached the Caliph's Court, paid homage to the Caliph, placed the pot he had brought along in front of the Caliph and whipped off the cloth. A few flies took to flight. "O Noble Sire, these flies are making my life miserable. Give me permission to swat them wherever I find them," he begged.

The Caliph thought it funny. Nobody had ever come to him with such a request.

"Everyone is doing that," the Caliph said.

“Maybe, but I won’ like to raise my hand against the flies. They, too, are the subjects of the Great Caliph,” Nasruddin argued.

“The flies! My subjects! Ha, ha! Ho, ho!” the Caliph burst into laughter.

“Can I swat the flies, O Noble Sire?”

“You can.”

“Would you put it in writing, O Noble Sire?” Nasruddin asked.

The Caliph prepared a scroll and signed it. The royal seal was affixed to it.

“O Noble Sire! How can I thank you!” Nasruddin bowed, tucked the scroll in the folds of his dress, picked up the pot he had brought along and moved off.

He armed himself with a flyswatter and roamed around the town. He brought the swatter down on the flies, wherever they happened to be. He brought it down on the cheek of an official of the Caliph’s Court. He made it land with vicious force on the back of a merchant who was very avaricious and sold adulterated goods. The swatter came down heavily on every spot where Nasruddin found a fly, be it on pots and pans or cheeks and noses and chins and backs of people.

When people protested, he showed them the royal scroll.

The news of the swatting spree reached the Caliph, too. The Caliph had a hearty laugh.

A few days later, the Caliph held a meeting of the wise men in the land. Mulla Nasruddin, too, was invited. He came to the court, holding the swatter.

The royal scroll lay in the folds of his dress. He bowed, paid homage to the Caliph and sat next to the Caliph.

The Caliph began his address. Suddenly something hit him on the back.

Who could dare hit him? He turned and found Nasruddin getting ready to deliver yet another blow.

A dozen men pounced on Nasruddin.

“O Noble Sire, why am I being treated like this? I was swatting a fly that alighted on your back. You’ve authorized me to swat flies wherever they be,” Nasruddin spoke softly but clearly.

“Free him!” the caliph told the men.

“Thank you, O Noble Sire,” Nasruddin replied, politely. “Sit as far as you can from me. And,” the Caliph added, “you’ll see me after the meeting is over.”

They met.

“Enough is enough, my man. The game has gone on for long. You can’t hit people on the pretext of swatting flies. It has to end. Surrender the scroll. In return, ask for any compensation you want,” the Caliph told him.

“How about ten thousand *shekels*, O Noble Sire!

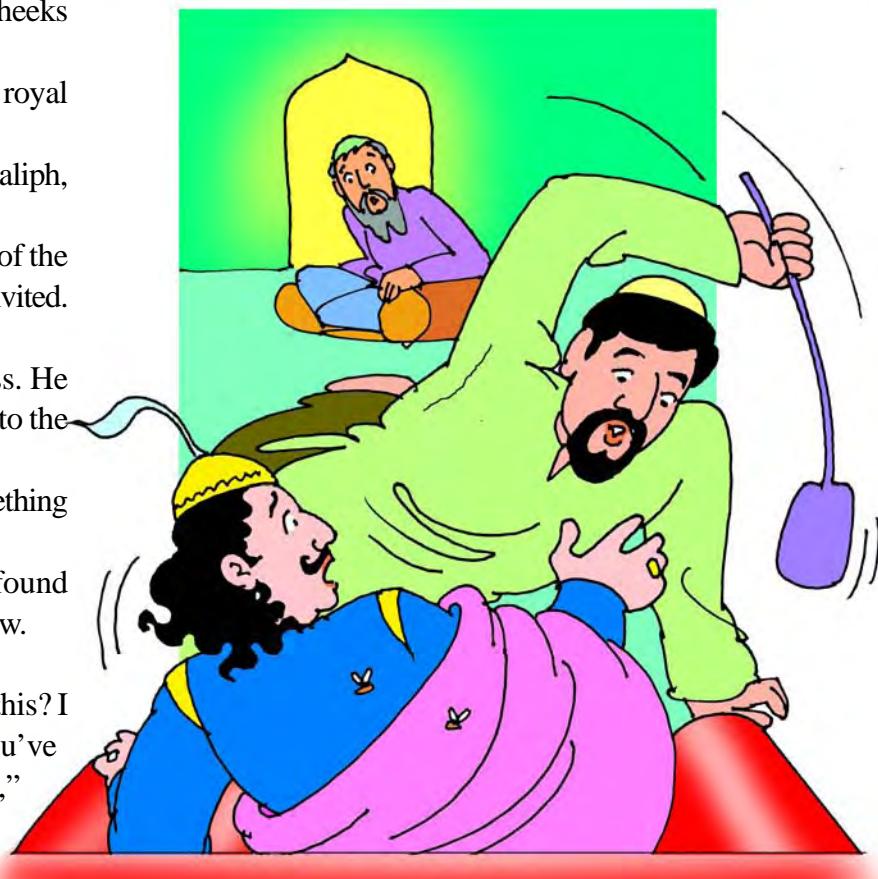
“Ten thousand *shekels*?” the Caliph thought he was asking too high a price.

“Yes, Noble Sire! Part of the money I will use to relay the floor of the bedroom that was dug up under your orders. And the rest will fund my pilgrimage to Mecca,” said Nasruddin with a straight face.

“Clever, Nasruddin. I now see what you were really after. I thought I would find a fortune when I ordered my men to dig out your bedroom. Now I find that you have landed a fortune of ten thousand *shekels*.”

The Caliph ordered the court official to pay Nasruddin the amount.

- By R.K.Murthi



# GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

**K**amsa, angry with the Yadavas, turned to face them. But the elderly members in the gathering checked him. They said, "O Kamsa, do not act in haste. How do we know that the voice had not come from some mischievous supernatural being? If it had, its aim is to make you do something heinous. As a consequence you will suffer. That'll make the being gleeful.

"On the other hand, if the voice had come from some god and if the prophecy is true, no effort on your part will change the course of events."

Even then Kamsa did not seem satisfied. Said Vasudeva, "Well, brother, I promise to surrender the children born of Devaki to you. Do what you like with them. So, you need not kill your sister."

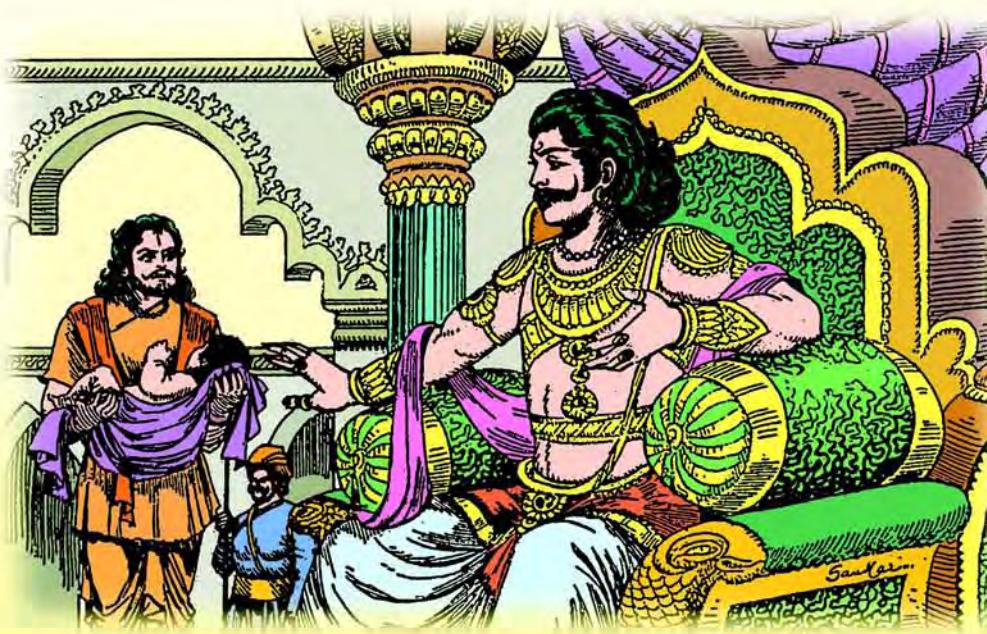
Kamsa knew that Vasudeva was one who never went back on his word. He calmed down. The marriage ceremony was soon over.

In due course, Devaki gave birth to a handsome baby boy.

"I must hand over the child to Kamsa as promised. Do not grieve. Providence will take care of our life," said Vasudeva, to pacify Devaki.

"How can I give up my child to a demon like Kamsa? Destiny might have chalked out a certain course of events for us. But, surely, man is capable of changing the course through aspiration and effort! You must find out some way to ward off the wrath of Kamsa," said Devaki.

"No effort can change one's destiny. It is only the intervention of Divine Grace that can change it. What is happening to us is what is ordained for us according to our deeds in our previous lives. We cannot stop them from



happening. With our conscious deeds, we can mould our future. In any case, we have made a commitment. We ought to be truthful to it," said Vasudeva.

Devaki did not argue further. She sat shedding tears while Vasudeva took hold of the baby. All those who saw Vasudeva carrying the child to Kamsa praised his truthfulness, but felt sad at the same time.

Kamsa, too, agreed that it was noble of Vasudeva to bring the newborn to him. "But it's only the eighth issue of Devaki who will be my foe. What do I gain by killing this one? Take it away!"

Vasudeva thanked him and went back with the child.

Kamsa boasted of his mercy to his courtiers. They praised him. Sage Narada appeared there before long. Kamsa received him with due respect and courtesy.

"So, you spared the first issue of Devaki, didn't you?" asked Narada.

"Indeed, I did. According to the ominous prophecy, it is only Devaki's eighth child who would be my foe, not the earlier ones," answered Kamsa.

## 16. A RESTLESS KAMSA

“It is true that Vishnu intends to be born as Devaki’s eighth child and kill you. But don’t you think that your foe will be much stronger with seven brothers than if left alone?” asked Narada and he went away.

Kamsa immediately sent for Devaki’s child and smashed it to death.

There was a reason for Narada instigating Kamsa to do so.

Long, long ago, six young lads belonging to the heavenly spheres showed disrespect to Brahma. The lord then cast a curse upon them saying they will be born in the families of demons. Because of the curse, they had to be born as the sons of demon-kings. One day, they collectively prayed to Brahma so intensely that the Lord had to appear before them in a magnificent vision.

From Brahma they obtained certain boons. It was time for them to find release from their curse. They were born, one after another, as Devaki’s sons. By instigating Kamsa to kill them, Narada was really helping them to get their release from the curse.

Five more sons of Devaki were killed by Kamsa in the same manner. He heard that her seventh child was unborn. But the fact was different. The child was transferred from her womb to the womb of Rohini, another wife of Vasudeva. The son that was born to Rohini was to be known as Balarama.

Before Devaki was to give birth to her eighth child, she as well as Vasudeva were confined to a prison. The child in Devaki’s womb was the incarnation of Vishnu.

The prison was guarded by armed soldiers. Soon it

was time for Devaki to be delivered of her eighth child.

Kamsa was growing tense and anxious. Every now and then he alerted the guards.

‘There’s not the slightest likelihood of Devaki’s eighth child growing up and proving any menace to me. I’ll kill the child forthwith. I’m only anxious to steal a march over the gods who have prophesied my doom,’ he told himself and felt pleased that such a chance was at hand.

But the pleasure was not lasting. He could not enjoy his sleep properly. Waves of panic overtook him. He was trying to divert his attention at amusements, but in vain.

It was the eighth day of the dark fortnight of the month of *Bhadra*. Kamsa was informed that Devaki was about to give birth to her child. He sent word to his guards reminding them to remain extra vigilant. Nobody should be allowed to go near the prison. He was to be informed as soon as the child had been born.

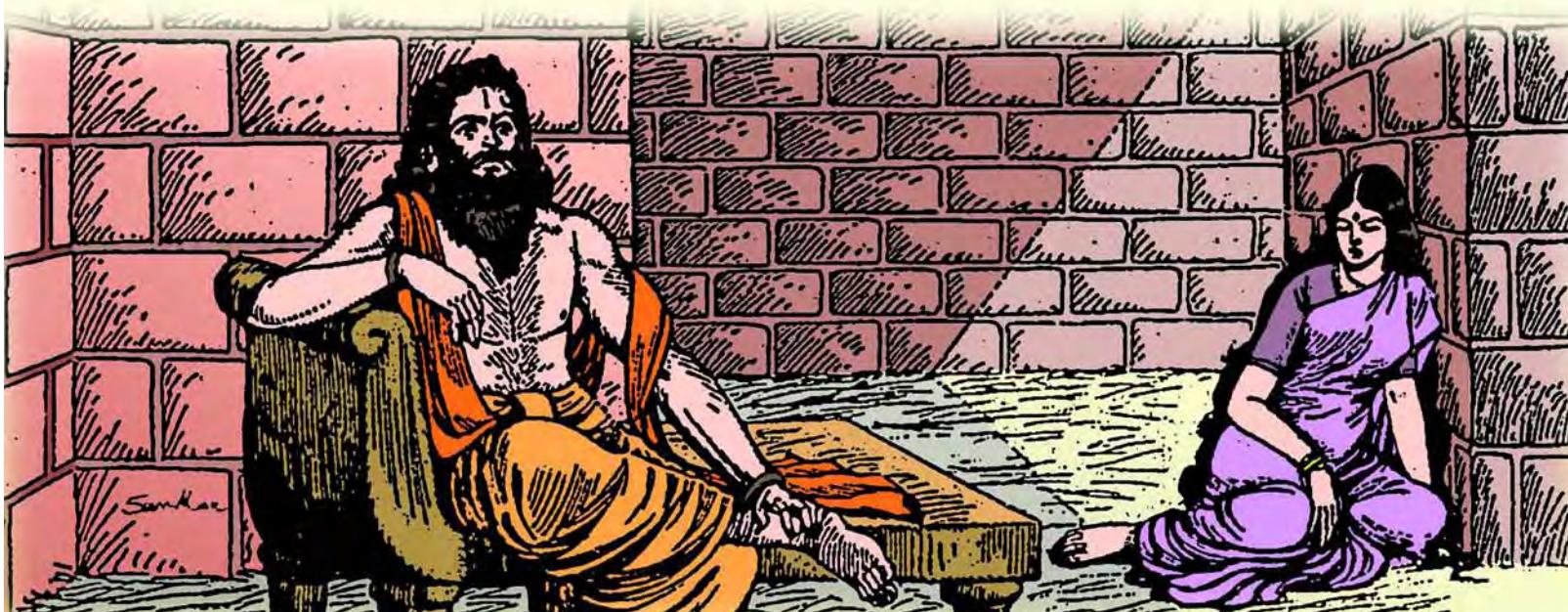
The guards began pacing in front of Devaki’s room with greater alertness.

Devaki told Vasudeva, “It had been decided that I shall exchange my child with Yasoda, the wife of Nanda. But how can the exchange take place now that we are guarded so closely?”

Soon she gave birth to a lovely male baby. “Look at the baby. Have you ever seen such beautiful eyes? The finest image of an artist will look dim before the grandeur of this child’s appearance. Will you really offer him to the cruel Kamsa?”

Vasudeva kept gazing at the child, unable to take his eyes away.

(To continue)



Lata's grandmother was very fond of trees. Her house was surrounded by umbrella shaped *ashoka* trees. The trees had been planted by her husband when he had built his own house in the city, after retirement from the army. While in service, he had lived in bungalows with huge gardens and he had tried to replicate the same environment in his own house by growing ashoka trees all around the house. Lata's grandmother one day started narrating the story of the ashoka trees.

"Your grandfather fought a lone crusade for these trees. He fought tooth and nail to protect them. He tended them like his own children. Every morning he would be up at 5 pottering in the garden. He would lovingly wash away the dust from the ashoka leaves and would dig the soil near the root of the trees when it became too hard.

"He used to say, 'Trees need nurturing care as much as they need sunlight, oxygen and water.'

"Ours was the only house with trees around it. Everywhere else people had encroached the road to increase the space in their courtyards. One day workers from the electricity department came to dig trenches to lay a new cable. They told your grandfather that the ashoka trees would have to go. There ensued a fierce battle between your grandfather and the workforce. No greater provocation was required than the mention of chopping off the trees. He wrote an angry letter of protest to the

Superintendent Engineer representing his case. He was sympathetic and ordered a change of route.

"Another time the cable operators, without much ado, decided to put the distribution box on the ashoka trees. Seeing them nailing the box on the ashoka tree was enough to invite the ire of your grandfather. He gave them a piece of his mind and sent them on their way. Because of your grandfather's efforts the ashoka trees were saved, and they flourished."

Lata looked at the trees with new eyes. The trees had become the hub of much activity. It was the nesting ground of many birds such as parakeets, sparrows, pigeons and mynahs. Squirrels scampered up and down the trees and looked at Lata with warm honey eyes. One day she even found a chameleon sitting on the bark basking in the sun. The trees often seemed to talk to her. When she sat alone, she could almost hear the leaves whispering in her ears dispelling her loneliness.

Their house had become an oasis for the neighbourhood. The neighbours would sit in the shady haunt of the trees. Construction labourers would leave their sleeping children under the trees. Lata thought how bountiful and wonderful the trees were. They served you without malice and prejudice in their heart. However, they needed protection to fulfil their godly mission.

-Ruchi Sharma

# THE LONE BATTLE



# CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

# KALEIDOSCOPE

## UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS

One day, I had just come back from school, tired. I saw my mother busy in the kitchen. My father had not yet returned. "Mummy, where is father?" She said, "He has gone out for some work." I went into the bedroom to change my school dress.

Suddenly I looked out of the window and I saw a staircase going up in the direction of the sky. I climbed the staircase and entered the sky. I saw planets and stars quite nearby. I went on climbing till there were no more stairs. I found that I had stepped on a star the first time in my life. I then saw my father talking with the Sun. I shouted, "Papa! Papa!" He came running towards me. "Beta, how did you come here?" I replied, "I climbed a staircase which brought me here." "Okay, but be careful," he said.



For a minute I was confused when I saw some other creatures coming to land on the star. I wanted to go back home. I found myself climbing down and suddenly the staircase disappeared. I was frightened and unknowingly went the wrong way. I thought I could jump down on earth. But when I stepped on the planet, it said, "Run, run! You humans are in danger! All planets are going to vanish!" I ran with my whole strength towards my home.

Suddenly, I came to my senses. I was browsing a website on space. And I was playing a computer game. My heartbeats became slow. I came out of the horrible machine and sang a song.

**Sindhura Polepalli (10)  
Mumbai**

## TIME

Time is so important - why?  
 Time keeps passing by.  
 Time does not wait,  
 Sometimes it takes us late.  
 But it's very important to us  
 We need it to catch our bus.  
 Right now I should get my homework  
 done  
 As time will wait for no one.

*Sadaf Zulfikar (12)  
 Mysore*



## LIFE

What is life?  
 Well it's a stage  
 Where one plays one's role  
 And then say good-bye.  
 Life is a boat in which  
 Everyone has to sail  
 But be careful so we don't fail.  
 Life is sometimes a joke  
 In which everyone is happy  
 Even in sorrowful moments.

*G. Ganesh Chakravarthy (14)  
 Jaggayyapet*



**Raghav (on seeing a policeman climbing a tree) :**  
Why is he climbing the tree?

**Dinesh :** He must be heading a branch.

**R. Raghavendran (12), Chennai**

**Yogesh :** My sister had an accident; she got her head stuck in the washing machine.

**Hitesh :** I'm sure she must have been brain-washed.



**S. Vismitha Kathyayani (11), Bangalore**

**A man was brought to the court. He was accused of drinking in a public place.**



**Judge :** You've been brought here for drinking.

**Defendant :** That's great! When do we start?

**Karthik Bhushan (13), Udupi**



**Illiterate :** That's fantastic; but I never learnt to read!

**K. Harish Kumar (14), Bellary**



**Mother :** If you tell lies, you'll get horns on your head.

**Son :** That's a big lie, mother, but I don't see any horns on your head!

**Prabhat (11), Bangalore**



**Govind :** Why do you spread sugar under your pillow before sleeping?

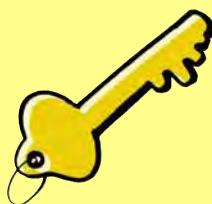
**Tarun :** So that I can get sweet dreams.

**Ajinkya Karande (12), Binaguri**

## RIDDLES

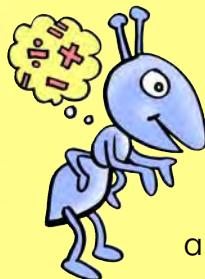


1. Which date is not found in any calendar?
2. Which jam is the one you won't like?
3. Which son will prove dangerous?
4. What is it that you possess but others use?
5. Which key is prone to jumping?

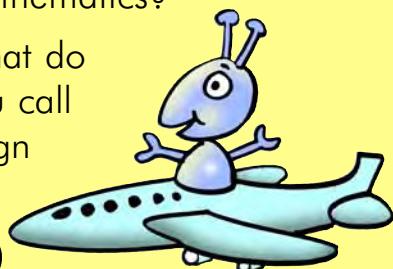


Vismitha Kathayani (11), Bangalore

## ANTS RIDDLES



- a) Which ants are good in mathematics?
- b) What do you call a foreign ant?



K. Shahul Anees (13)  
Salem

## EXCITING OPPOSITES (Oxymorons)

Decipher these phrases :

- a. S \_\_\_ BET
- b. M \_\_\_\_\_ HISTORY
- c. EXACT E \_\_\_\_\_
- d. W \_\_\_\_\_ HOLIDAY
- e. HOLY W \_\_\_
- f. STILL L \_\_\_



M. Kanchana (14), Pattabhiram

## SPORTS PUZZLE

Find out the names of 10 sports in this crossword. You may search horizontally, vertically, and diagonally.

B	A	D	M	I	N	T	O	N	S
O	F	C	Z	X	H	G	R	L	K
X	O	U	H	W	T	S	U	O	A
I	O	Y	O	E	R	Q	G	G	T
N	T	X	C	C	S	O	B	O	I
G	B	W	K	A	A	S	Y	L	N
K	A	G	E	T	G	T	R	F	G
U	L	L	Y	S	Q	U	A	S	H
M	L	C	R	I	C	K	E	T	K

Gunj Tirumala Kumar (13)  
Jaggayyapet

M	L	C	R	I	C	K	E	T	K
U	L	I	Y	S	Q	U	A	S	H
K	A	G	E	T	G	T	R	F	G
G	B	W	K	A	A	S	Y	L	N
N	T	X	C	C	S	O	B	O	I
I	O	Y	O	E	R	G	G	T	
X	O	U	H	W	T	S	U	O	A
O	F	C	Z	X	H	G	R	L	K
B	A	D	M	I	N	T	O	N	S

Sports puzzle

**Riddles :**

1. Candidate
2. Traffic jam
3. Poison
4. Your name
5. Monkey
- a. Sure Bet
- b. Modern history
- c. Exact estimate
- d. Working holiday
- e. Holy war
- f. Still life

**Opposites :**

1. Exciting
2. Traumatic
3. (Oxymorons)
4. Your name
5. Monkey
- a. Sure Bet
- b. Modern history
- c. Exact estimate
- d. Working holiday
- e. Holy war
- f. Still life

**Ants Riddles :**

- a. Account-ants
- b. Impot-ant
- c. Exact estimate
- d. Working holiday
- e. Holy war
- f. Still life

Answers:

THE ADVENTURES OF

G-man



ANDROMANIA 1  
PART- 1

BROUGHT TO YOU BY



POWER SUPPLY

Visit: [www.parleproducts.com](http://www.parleproducts.com)

Just another day at St. Thomas High School.



Major Suryaraj is in the staff room about to leave for his physical training class...



When suddenly...



Is anything the matter?

Nothing, it's an old pain.

Looks like a job for G-man.



POWER SUPPLY FOR

**G-man**



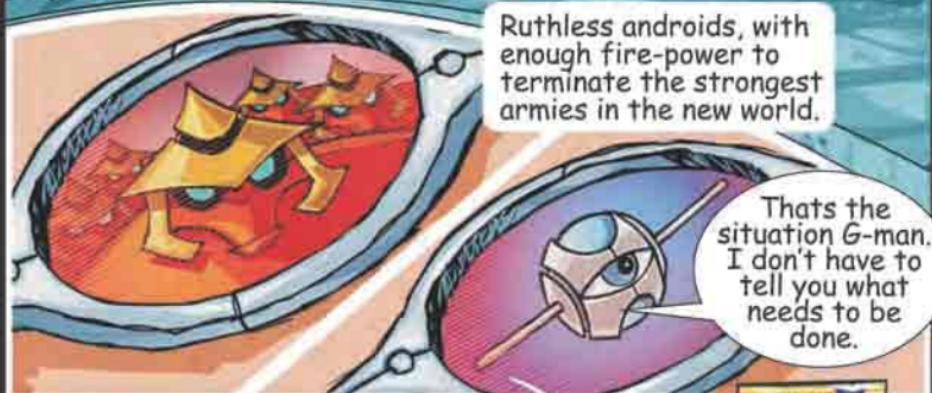
Visit: [www.parleproducts.com](http://www.parleproducts.com)

Meanwhile somewhere not very far away.

Terrolene has invested his resources in mass-producing state-of-the-art machines.



Ruthless androids, with enough fire-power to terminate the strongest armies in the new world.



POWER SUPPLY FOR

**G-MAN**



Visit: [www.parleproducts.com](http://www.parleproducts.com)



Suryaraj eats his favourite energy food, a pack of PARLE-G. Legend has it that Suryaraj absorbs light for a fraction of a second from the sun before he becomes the G-man. That probably explains why it gets dark for a second. And why no one can see the transformation.



POWER SUPPLY FOR

G-MAN



Visit: [www.parleproducts.com](http://www.parleproducts.com)



Soon after sunset...

Moving at the speed of light G-man makes his way through the labyrinth.

G-man reaches the 24 inch thick steel security door of Terrolene's den.

Calls for some G-force.

KABOOM

POWER SUPPLY FOR

G-MAN



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Better late than never old friend, and you know I always aim to please.

Good... Good... My creations were getting a little rusty with the target practice they were getting here...

And targets don't hit back you know He he he.

Pleasure's all mine Terrolene.

There, now you can get into the scrap metal business.



POWER SUPPLY FOR

**G-Man**

Visit: [www.parleproducts.com](http://www.parleproducts.com)





Impressive. But those weren't even activated as yet.

These, on the other hand might not leave you feeling so cocky G-man.

To be continued

Will G-man defeat the androids all alone?  
Find out in the next action-packed issue of Andromania 1 - Part 2.

1. Glugga was hiding in a \_\_\_\_\_
  - a. Drain pipe
  - b. Water Tank
  - c. School building
2. Neuraal used the \_\_\_\_\_ to steal the childrens thought
  - a. Mind Raider
  - b. Dream Machine
  - c. Mind Control
3. G-man fights Neuraal in the \_\_\_\_\_
  - a. Mind Scape
  - b. Mind Galaxy
  - c. Dimension X
4. G-man defeats Glugga by turning him into \_\_\_\_\_
  - a. Steam
  - b. Water
  - c. Ice
5. Neuraal's machine is kept in an abandoned \_\_\_\_\_
  - a. Cave
  - b. Warehouse
  - c. School
6. Glugga was created out of \_\_\_\_\_ protoplasm
  - a. Plant
  - b. Virus
  - c. Alien

1.b 2.a 3.a 4.a 5.b 6.c



# CROSSWORD



## Across

1. G-man's Power Supply
2. \_\_\_\_\_ Suryaraj
3. The Water Monster's real name
4. The alien being that guides G-man
5. The island on which Terrolene's Childotron is kept

## Down

- 1. The Water Monster's hiding place
- 2. Terrolene's biggest enemy
- 3. The inventor of the Mind Raider
- 4. Suryaraj fought in the Indian

## **POWER SUPPLY FOR**

G·动漫

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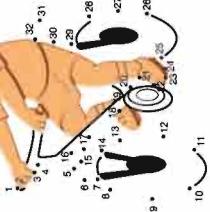


# Fun Center<sup>TM</sup>

Cream Biscuits

Join the dots  
and complete  
the picture.

Which of the  
3 drawings  
completes the  
picture?



Which piece  
will complete  
the picture?



Answer



Shantipur usurper, erstwhile General Vir Singh's attempts to confiscate the golden idol of Kanakadurga are thwarted. He tries to prevent its installation at the new temple. Chieftain Sukhdev's daughter Sukanya decides to sacrifice herself and accepts Vir Singh's proposal to save the idol. She goes on an elephant escorted by General Jabar Singh. A monkey pounces on him; Sukanya escapes.

23

# ARYA

The Mystery of the Unknown Prince

Prince

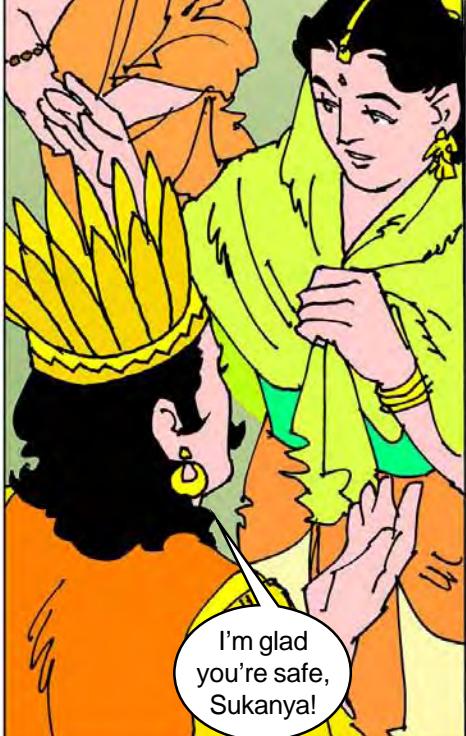
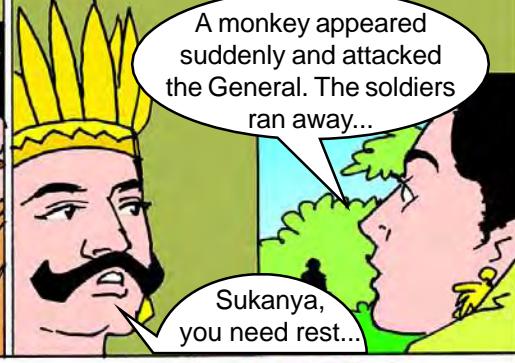
Prince

Art:  
Gandhi Ayya

Sukhdev goes to the portico where he sees his daughter and Govind.



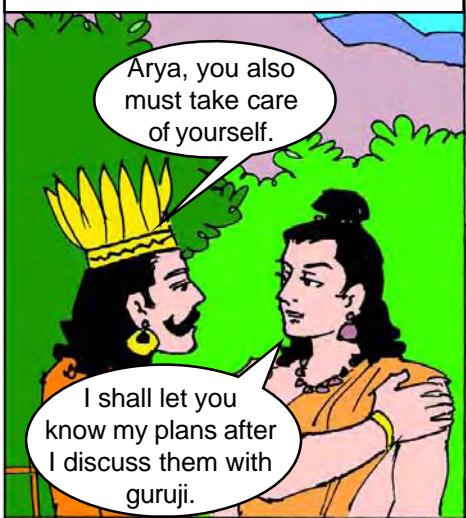
Sukanya waits till Govind leaves.



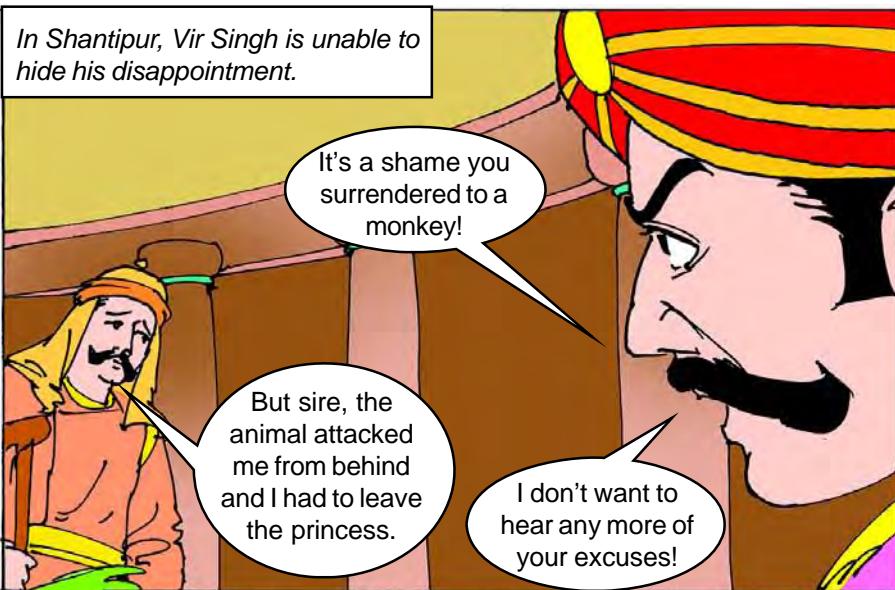
*Sukanya blushes in the presence of Prince Arya.*



Later, Arya takes leave of Sukhdev.



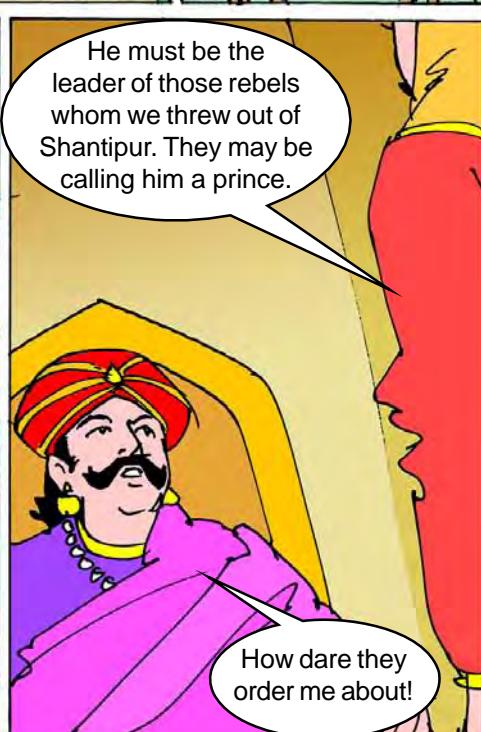
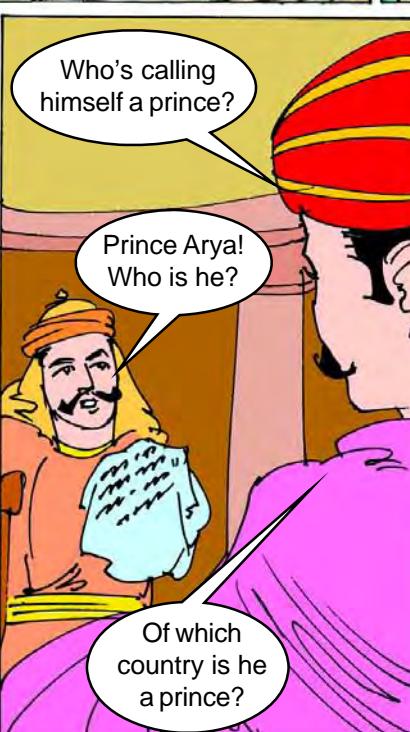
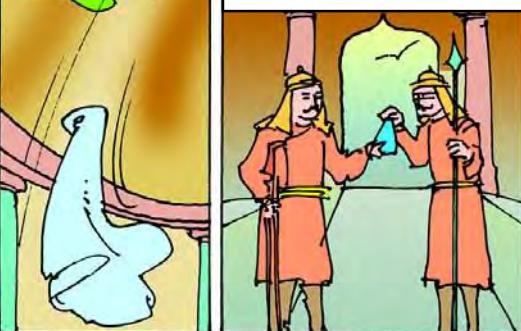
In Shantipur, Vir Singh is unable to hide his disappointment.



Suddenly, a parrot circles over them and drops a piece of cloth.



A bodyguard picks up the cloth and gives it to Jabar Singh.





# LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!



ADMIRATION, n. Our polite recognition of another's resemblance to ourselves.

- Ambrose Bierce

**Aunty** : Why are you saving that tooth you had pulled out for? A bookmark?

**Tinku** : No, I'm going to take it home, play some sad music, draw up an easy chair,

put it on the table, and laugh and laugh.



**Aunty** : Why?

**Tinku** : I shall sprinkle some sugar on it and watch it ache.



**Customer** : Waiter, send the chef here. I wish to complain about this disgusting meal.

**Waiter** : I'm afraid you'll have to wait, sir. He's just popped out for his dinner.

**Teacher** : It is the duty of everyone to make at least one person happy during the week. Have you done so, John?

**John** : Yes.

**Teacher** : That's good. What did you do?

**John** : I called on my Aunt, and she was very happy when I went back home.



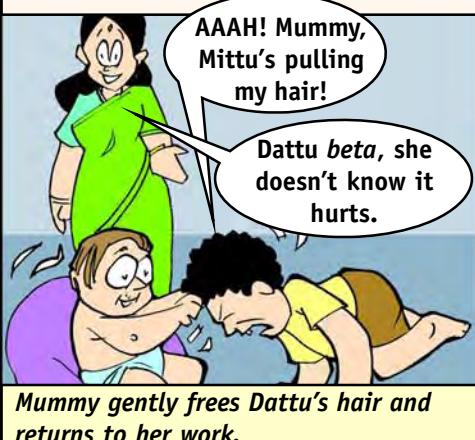
**Raghav** : My brother has a new invention and it's very practical, too.

**Rohan** : What is it?

**Raghav** : He makes chickens swim in hot water so that they'll lay hard boiled eggs.

## Dushtu Dattu

Dattu is playing with his baby sister. Hearing him cry loudly, his mother arrives...



Moments later, loud wails bring Mummy running in again. This time, it's Mittu!





# The Prince and

**A**rijit, the son of Rana Lakshman Singh, was one of the princes of Mewar. He was a brave soldier who died a hero's death on the battlefield. There are many interesting legends about him. Arijit was very fond of hunting and often went on hunting sprees with his friends. Once, while hunting around the Kailwara region, he strayed into the forest of Andwa. There was a small village next to the forest where many farmers lived. The beasts from the forest, especially wild boars, frequently entered their fields and devoured or destroyed the crops. They were a big menace, so the farmers set up wooden platforms near the open fields so that the farmers themselves or their children could sit there and keep an eye on the crops. They took it in turns to watch and raised alarm whenever they saw any wild beast entering the fields.

Arijit, hunting in the forest, caught sight of a huge wild boar and chased it through the trees until it entered a farmer's field and hid amidst the maize. The farmer's daughter, keeping a watch on the crops, saw the wild boar entering the field followed closely by Arijit and his friends. She feared if the horses were allowed

to enter the field, they would ruin the entire crop. So, she got down from the platform and ran to them. "Please do not enter the fields; your horses will trample on the maize. I've seen the wild boar you had been chasing. I shall get it for you. Please wait here." The group was astounded to hear these words.

"Do you really think you can catch it?" said Arijit. "You're just a girl and have no weapons!"

"I may be just a girl, but I can certainly catch it," she said, laughing. "Please give me a few minutes." Arijit did not expect that the girl was capable of catching the wild boar, but he watched her curiously.

The maize plants were quite tall and grew close together. The boar hid among them and was totally hidden. The girl climbed up the platform and brought down a big chopper. Then she cut down one of the maize plants and sharpened the top just like a spear. She now entered the field carrying her weapon and soon tracked down the boar. In no time at all she pierced it with her rough-made lance, killing it in the process. She dragged it where Arijit stood.

"There!" she said, pointing to the dead boar. "I hope you believe me now. Please take it to your tent."

Arijit and his friends praised her efforts. They were really impressed with the ease with which she had managed to do something they had been unable to do, despite they being expert hunters.

The prince had fixed his tent by a small river. There were green fields nearby where the horses were grazing. Arijit laughed and joked about the farmer's daughter who was so adept at hunting. Suddenly a sharp piece of stone struck his horse's leg and it fell down with a thud, with a broken leg. "How did this happen?" asked Arijit frowning. "Who has been throwing stones at my horse? We must catch the culprit and see he gets a proper punishment."

But the culprit herself came to beg forgiveness of



# the Farmer's Daughter



the prince. It was none other than the farmer's daughter who had killed the wild boar. While guarding her father's fields she had been throwing stones at the animals to drive them away. One of her stones had hurt the prince's horse by mistake. She broke into tears as she asked the prince to forgive her since she had never meant to hurt the horse.

Arijit forgave her readily when he realized what had happened. In fact he was amazed that a mere girl could throw a heavy stone at that distance and with such force! "I forgive you," he told her with a smile. "I never could imagine that one of our Rajput girls could achieve such a feat! I'm sure Mewar should feel proud to have such a daughter." The farmer's daughter touched his feet in gratitude and went away.

Arijit was preparing to go back with his friends the next day when they met the girl once again walking along the same road. She was leading a pair of buffaloes with a rope and carried a pitcher full of milk on her head. Arijit's

friends had been feeling sore ever since they realized that the girl was much more competent than they were. They felt tempted to tease her and make her look embarrassed. One of Arijit's friends brought his horse close to the girl so that she might jump up in surprise and spill the milk. But the girl guessed what he was trying to do. She quietly looped the feet of the horse with the rope. The horse jumped up knocking off its rider. Everyone burst into laughter as the rider fell down and sprained his knee. The girl laughed, too. The rider said, "You're far too clever for us! You ought to marry a Rajput prince and reign as a queen. Why not marry our prince here? Then you can ride together and hunt together all your days!"

The girl blushed and ran away pulling the buffaloes after her. But Arijit looked thoughtful. "Jokes apart, please find out if the girl is a Rajput. If she is, I shall marry her. I feel she is born to be a queen."

"Put back the tents. We shall remain here until I know who she is," said Arijit. "My heart tells me that I shall succeed in winning her."

Enquiries revealed that the farmer was indeed a Rajput and had been a chieftain in his younger days. Arijit sent for him. But he refused to give his daughter in marriage. "It is true my daughter is a Rajput and, therefore, worthy of being the queen of Mewar," he told Arijit, "but I do not approve of unequal marriages. My girl has been reared as a farmer's daughter. I shall not let her to be looked down upon by the people in your palace."

"Then after marriage she shall remain here," said Arijit. "She shall live here like a queen, and come to Mewar only when she chooses. I shall never compel her to live there against her will." The farmer agreed.

After marriage Arijit left his bride with her father just as he had promised. However, their son Hamir returned to his father's kingdom when he was 12 and lived to be one of the greatest kings in Mewar history.

- By Swapna Dutta



# THE DEITY ATE TOO MUCH!

## LEGENDS FROM OTHER LANDS (BABYLON)

**B**ehind the king's palace stood a hill and atop the hill stood the main temple of the kingdom. The deity was believed to be a living god – so much so he ate up the items of food offered to him. The chief priest of the temple had told the king that the deity felt shy to eat in front of others. That is why delicious dishes were laid out before him in the evening, after the daily rituals were over. Once that was done, the temple doors were securely locked by the priest. In the morning, before the arrival of a congregation of worshippers which often included members of the royal family and sometimes the king himself, the priest opened the doors. Lo and behold, the sunlight entering the shrine showed the plates empty. The deity would have finished everything.

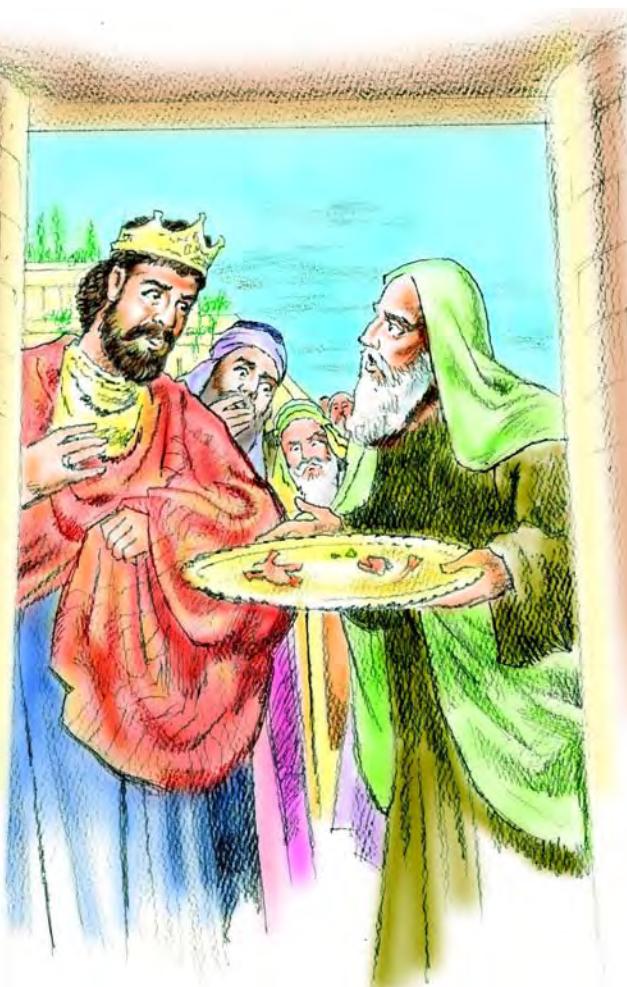
No doubt, items that were not very tasty would have been touched, and not eaten. People agreed that the deity had a delicate taste.

There was a special section in the king's kitchen engaged to preparing food for the deity. The greater part of the food went from there. The rest came as offerings from noblemen and the commoners.

Royal guests from other kingdoms and emissaries of other kings were often invited to see this miracle and they would be deeply impressed. "How lucky is the king who has such a living god beside him!" they said.

Once in a while the chief priest reported to the king that the deity had asked him for some special items. The king would then order his kitchen staff to meet the demand, and it was done with great care.

One day a wise man called Daniel was with the king when the chief priest met the king and wished to say something in private. However, the king was so much interested in what Daniel was speaking that he did not wish to retire into his private audience chamber. "Tell me whatever you have to say. This gentleman can be trusted. He will not reveal anything you tell me," said the king. But the chief priest stood adamant. He insisted, he must speak to the king privately. The king reluctantly led him into his private audience chamber and came back to Daniel after a while. He looked rather annoyed.



“What the priest wanted to tell me was nothing so very special that he must disturb our conversation. Well, well...”

“My lord, if it is not so very special, would you mind telling me what he spoke to you?” asked Daniel.

“Tonight the deity wishes to have double the quantity of food generally offered and some special items. That is all,” replied the king.

“In fact, I expected him to say that,” said Daniel, laughing loudly.

“How did you know that?” asked the king, quite surprised. He knew that Daniel had an uncanny capacity for guessing things correctly, but he could not believe that the savant could say what was even in the priest’s mind.

“My lord, better pardon me from revealing the truth I know, for that would quite upset you and thousands of others,” pleaded Daniel. But this made the king only get more curious. At last Daniel said he would satisfy the king’s query in the morning, on condition that he was given permission to circumambulate the deity thrice before the doors of the temple were closed that night. The king had no reason to deny Daniel that much privilege.

The priest was not very happy to let Daniel go round the deity alone in the dark. But what could he do when the king himself had permitted his guest to do so?

That evening the doors of the temple were locked in the presence of the king and Daniel. “I hope the deity will relish the special items he demanded. They were prepared by my personal cook – the best cook in the world. In fact, I was deprived of the items I wanted the cook to prepare for me because he got busy in the deity’s section of the kitchen,” said the king.

“It is a pity, my lord, that you sacrificed your interest for the sake of the priest and his guests,” commented Daniel.

“It seems even wise men sometimes cannot understand my statement. It is not for the sake of the priest or his guests that I allowed my cook to remain busy in the other section of the kitchen, but for the sake of the deity,” said the king.

Daniel only laughed, making the king raise his eyebrows.

It was a bright morning when the temple doors were unlocked in the presence of the king, Daniel and a throng of curious courtiers. As was expected, the special items made for the deity had clean disappeared though the other dishes offered by some pious courtiers lay half-eaten. The courtiers who had sent the items sighed and said, “We’re unfortunate that the deity did not





relish what we had offered.” Once again Daniel laughed.

“Look here, my friend, either you explain your statements and your strange conduct or you get ready to be punished,” said the king in a stern voice.

“My lord, do you believe that the stone deity could have eaten up the stuff? Do you believe that if there was a god in this idol, he has greed like we human beings have and he could demand more food than was voluntarily given to him?” asked Daniel.

“Daniel, don’t you see that the deity had indeed eaten up what he found good?” demanded the king.

“My lord, I’m not insulting the deity, but only trying to point my finger at those who perpetrate fraud in the name of the deity. Please hold this candle and follow me, for it is still dark behind the deity.”

Daniel led the king to the other side of the deity’s platform and asked him to observe carefully the marks of several pairs of feet on a thin layer of ashes on the floor. Following the marks they reached the darkest nook of the shrine and discovered a secret opening kept sealed by a light cover which was of the same colour as of stone. Behind that was the priest’s household.

“What does all this mean?” asked the king.

“My lord, night after night the priest and the members of his family find their way into the shrine and eat up the offerings. I knew that the priest had some intimate guests yesterday – the parents of his daughter-in-law. No wonder that he should need more items of food and choice items at that! In the evening I spread on the floor ashes while going round the deity. What you saw are are the foot-marks of the priest and the members of his family and the guests,” explained Daniel.

The king stood stunned. By and by he recovered his wit and ordered the priest to be thrown into prison.

“Good God, how could such fraud go on in the name of the deity?” wondered the king.

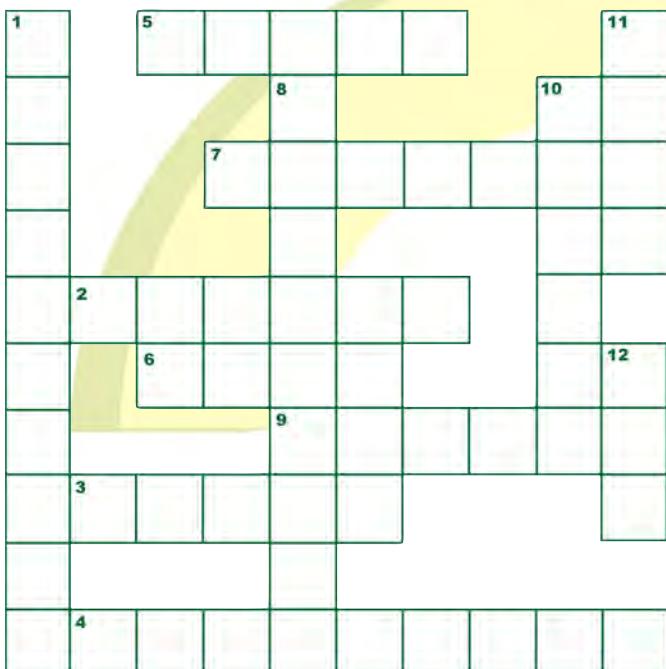
“My lord, God suffers fools and scoundrels infinitely more than we human beings can, for His own reasons which we cannot appreciate. Nevertheless, a time comes when the truth comes to light,” said Daniel.

- By M.D.

# PUZZLE DAZZLE



## BODY BITS CROSSWORD



**Do you have a sound knowledge about your body? To test your IQ, a few clues are given below. Happy solving!**



**Down:**

- What Fs do you leave behind you when you walk?
- What D means the progression of food through your body?
- What H is supposed to be the seat of affection?
- What A can eat away at your insides if you make too much of it?
- What E can help in hearing?

**Across:**

- What S can shoot particles from your nose at 160 km an hour?
- What B is more complex than any computer ever invented and is about the size of a large grapefruit?
- What Cs like to eat body bits?
- What M could be a dead Egyptian?
- What R might appear on your body if you are ill?
- What L is the body's chemical factory?
- What Ts will onion cause?

- By R Vaasugi



### MATHS MYSTERY

Can you believe, the digital root of number 114 and the remainder of the same number, if divided by 9, will be the same? If you can't, follow the steps:

(A number's **Digital Root** is found by adding all of the number's digits together. If the sum is larger than 9, add up the digits in the answer. Keep doing this until you have a single digit number.

This will be the number's Digital Root.)

- The digital root of 114, i.e., is  $1+1+4 = 6$ .
- Divide 114 by 9. The remainder will be 6.

It's amazing, right? The same can be done with 411 and 141. You can try any other huge number, say, 51649 for example. The digital root and the remainder will be 7.

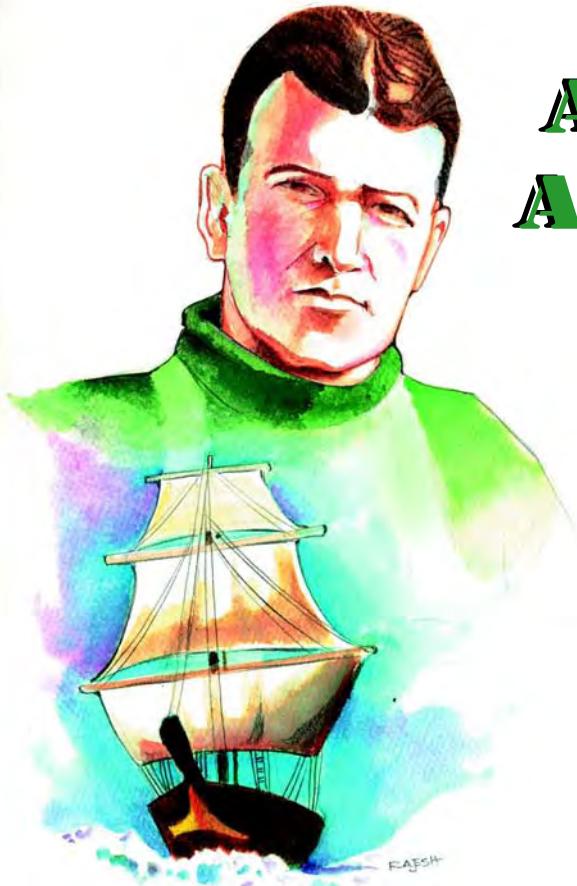
- Courtesy : PCRA

Across : 1. Footprints, 8. Digestion, 10. Heart, 11. Acid, 12. Ear.

Down : 1. Mummy, 6. Rash, 7. Liver, 9. Tears.

Answers : 2. Sneeze, 3. Brain, 4. Camibals,

Answers :



# A SAGA OF HOPE AND ENDURANCE

farthest points on the earth, the South Pole. Just five weeks later, on January 17, 1912, Scott and his party celebrated their accomplishment by flying their country's flag, the Union Jack, there.

Now Sir Henry and his men had a different plan. They had embarked on a new challenge – to sail through the Weddell Sea to Ross Sea, a feat that none had ever dreamt of attempting. Their 300-ton ship was named the *Endurance*. Incidentally, the Shackleton family motto was: “By endurance we conquer”.

The *Endurance* and her courageous adventurers sailed through the icy and freezing waters of the Weddell Sea for nearly four months. “All day we have been utilizing the ship as a battering ram,” wrote Hurley, a member of the expedition. “We admire our sturdy little ship, which seem to take a delight herself in combating our common enemy, shattering the floes in grand style.”

But soon the ship could no longer smash her way through the floating ice and got trapped in its mighty grip. For almost ten months they helplessly drifted with the floes. Strong winds and currents hundreds of miles away drove the fields of ice until the huge sheets of solid water cracked and ground themselves forming fantastic shapes.

The sailors built for themselves little igloos of ice blocks and put a tarpaulin over the top as a roof. The host of accompanying Canadian sledging dogs were housed on the ice beside the stranded ship in little ice kennels which the men interestingly called “dogloos”. Mrs. Chippy, the carpenter’s cat, slept the winter away in her master’s small cabin in the vessel.

“The behaviour of our ship in the ice has been magnificent,” wrote its captain Frank Worsley. “Since we have been beset, her staunchness and endurance have almost been past belief again and again. She has been nipped with a million-ton pressure and risen nobly, falling clear of the water out on the ice. She has been thrown to and fro like a shuttlecock a dozen times. She has been

**T**he year 1914. On a fine day 28 brave men sailed out of England on one of the most daring adventures. It was the first British Trans-Antarctic Expedition heading towards the mysterious, icy continent at the bottom of the earth.

The team was led by Ernest Henry Shackleton. Born in Ireland in 1874, he joined the British merchant navy and in 1901 he got a chance to accompany the great explorer, Robert Falcon Scott, on an unsuccessful bid for the South Pole. The spirit of adventure and a dream to explore the unknown were kindled in the young Shackleton.

Six years later, in 1907 he commanded the first official attempt to reach the South Pole. He came within a record-breaking 100 miles of his goal. It was the farthest that anyone had ever gone. Unfortunately, due to shortage of supplies and failing health of his comrades, he had to take the heart-breaking decision to turn back. On his return he was deservedly knighted and came to be known as Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton.

In 1911 the Norwegian explorer, Roal Amundsen, became the first in history to have conquered one of the



strained, her beams arched upwards, by the fearful pressure; her very sides opened and closed again as she was actually bent and curved along her length, groaning like a living thing. It will be sad if such a brave little craft should be finally crushed in the remorseless, slowly strangling grip of the Weddell pack after ten months of the bravest and most gallant fight ever put up by a ship."

Alas, under the tremendous pressure of the pack ice, one day the *Endurance* slowly leaned over one side. As the crew helplessly looked on, the ice mercilessly crushed her brave wooden sides beyond any hope of repair. Then slowly as the ice relaxed its vice-like grip, the splintered remains of the brave little ship sank into the cold waters below leaving behind the 28 sailors, 69 dogs and Mrs. Chippy the cat stranded in the strange icy wilderness.

"It is beyond conception, even to us, that we are dwelling on a colossal ice raft, with but five feet of water separating us from 2,000 fathoms of ocean, and drifting along under caprices of wind and tides, to heaven knows where," noted one of the sailors in his diary.

For six gruelling months they drifted on this island of ice almost 200 ft long and 100 ft wide. Their great leader, Shackleton, whom they called "the Boss" never failed to cheer them. He gave them courage and hope and in the three life boats saved from the ship, led them through the ice and incredibly stormy seas to a desolate isle called the Elephant Island. Alas, the place was devoid of any food or shelter. No one could possibly stay alive for long in the cold and fury of this forsaken place. They had become castaways in one of the most hostile environments on this earth.

Knowing that help and rescue would never come to this remote island, Shackleton made a momentous

decision. He picked up five of his toughest and best sailors. They would now sail to the whaling station of South Georgia, more than 800 miles away across the most dangerous ocean on this planet, to seek help and rescue. So, leaving behind his second-in-command, Frank Wild, in charge of the 22 men who remained on the island, Shackleton and his five companions set off on their mission in one of the three boats called *James Caird*.

Surrounded by high mountains with no glimpse of the soothing sunlight, the weather on Elephant Island was "simply appalling". It was "almost continuously covered with a pall of fog and snow". For the first fortnight a terrible gale blew without respite, the wind reaching speeds of over a hundred miles an hour. The two remaining boats were upturned on stone walls and made into makeshift huts covered with the tents. The men tightly huddled into their small shelter. For outside the blizzard that raged with thunderous roars brought snow, stones, gravel flying all over the place. Curiously, huge sheets of ice, as big as window-panes were being hurled about in the wind like strange playthings.

Some of the sailors were frostbitten and they temporarily lost mental balance. Their clothes were worn-out. They lived hand to mouth on penguins and occasional seals found in the region. Yet they had hope. They stoically prepared themselves to wait for "the Boss". But will they survive till his return? Will he at all succeed in coming



back to their rescue? Meanwhile, Shackleton and his team continued on their mission. One night in the midst of a ferocious ocean, he seemed to see a line of clear sky. "Look, the clouds are clearing up!" he cheerfully exclaimed. But the next moment he realized his mistake. What looked like the parting of the clouds was in fact the gleaming foam, the crest of a gigantic wave which seemed to touch the very sky. He had never seen a wave so huge in his life, as if the ocean was rising up from its bed. The wave hung for a second over the boat and then came crashing down. The boat propelled forward like "a bullet from a gun". Soon providentially the sea calmed down and *James Caird* resumed sailing bravely towards its destination.

Caught up again and again in the fury of really terrible gales and storm, the little boat with its heroic occupants slowly battled its way towards the island. It finally did reach its destination. But unfortunately the boat was no longer sea-worthy; there was shortage of drinking water and two among them were sick. So they were forced to land on the wrong, uninhabited shore of South Georgia. Ships and relief lay on the opposite side. In between rose a frozen barrier, mountains and glaciers thousands of feet high which no man had yet attempted crossing.

But Shackleton was determined and the fate of his men on the remote unknown island worried him. "The final stage of the journey had still to be attempted. ....Over on the Elephant Island 22 men were waiting for the relief that we alone could secure them. Their plight was worse than ours. We must push on somehow."

So he along with two others proceeded to cross the mountains while the other three stayed back, two were unwell to travel while the other remained to look after them. To a height of 4,000 ft they climbed day and night without respite. Finally, at dawn one day they saw far below through a gap between two rocks a small harbour. With great excitement the three shook hands and down the slope they began to descend. From the sea below came the whistling of a ship. To them it sounded like sweet music. They forgot all their hardships and woe. For now there was hope of saving their comrades.

At first the manager of the whaling station could not recognise them because they looked filthy and their clothes were falling apart. But once he did, he embraced



them with tears of joy rolling down his eyes. For by now everyone had come to believe that Shackleton and his men had all perished in the freezing wilderness of Antarctica.

They first picked up their three companions waiting on the other side of the island. Then after making several frantic attempts, which were each time hindered by weather and ice, the rescue party at last neared the Elephant Island. Shackleton strained his eyes through his binoculars to know if they were all there. "Are you all well?" he anxiously cried out. "All safe! All well, Boss!" replied the twenty-two men in one glad and happy voice.

Yes, Shackleton could not realise his dream of reaching the South Pole. But his failure led him to one of the greatest adventures ever made by man. Imagine, in this incredible story of human struggle, endeavour, determination and hope, not a single life was lost.

-By A.K.D.

# ORDERS OF A DEALS OF A WOMAN



# The Arabian Nights



# ORDERS OF A WOMAN



# The Arabian Nights



# ORDINALS OF A WOMAN



# The day the *Titanic* sank

**A** thing of beauty, it is said, is a joy forever. In 1912, the 46,000-ton *S.S. Titanic* was the biggest passenger ship ever to have been built. It was majestic in every way. Eleven storeys high, four huge funnels reaching out beyond. The ship was an eye-catcher in every way. Its interior was tastefully laid out. The carpeted corridors, the velvet draperies, the luxurious furnishings, the elegant and highly polished furniture, the artistically placed lights that turned the ship into a fairyland castle. It was a floating luxury hotel. The First Class fare was \$ 4,350, an astronomical sum in those days. But there were enough rich people who could afford the fare. They

were the elite. They wanted to sail the *Titanic* on its maiden crossing of the Atlantic.

Some of them had never before dared to cross the high seas. The claim that the *Titanic*, with 16 inbuilt watertight compartments, was unsinkable helped them overcome their fears. The ship had only 1,178 boat-space while there were 2,224 passengers on board. There were some who even wondered why a ship that was claimed unsinkable was carrying lifeboats!

Everyone viewed the ship as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Alas! The *Titanic* gave joy for just four days. Everyone claimed it was unsinkable. But it sunk; and with it sunk the hopes and joy of thousands of people all around the globe.

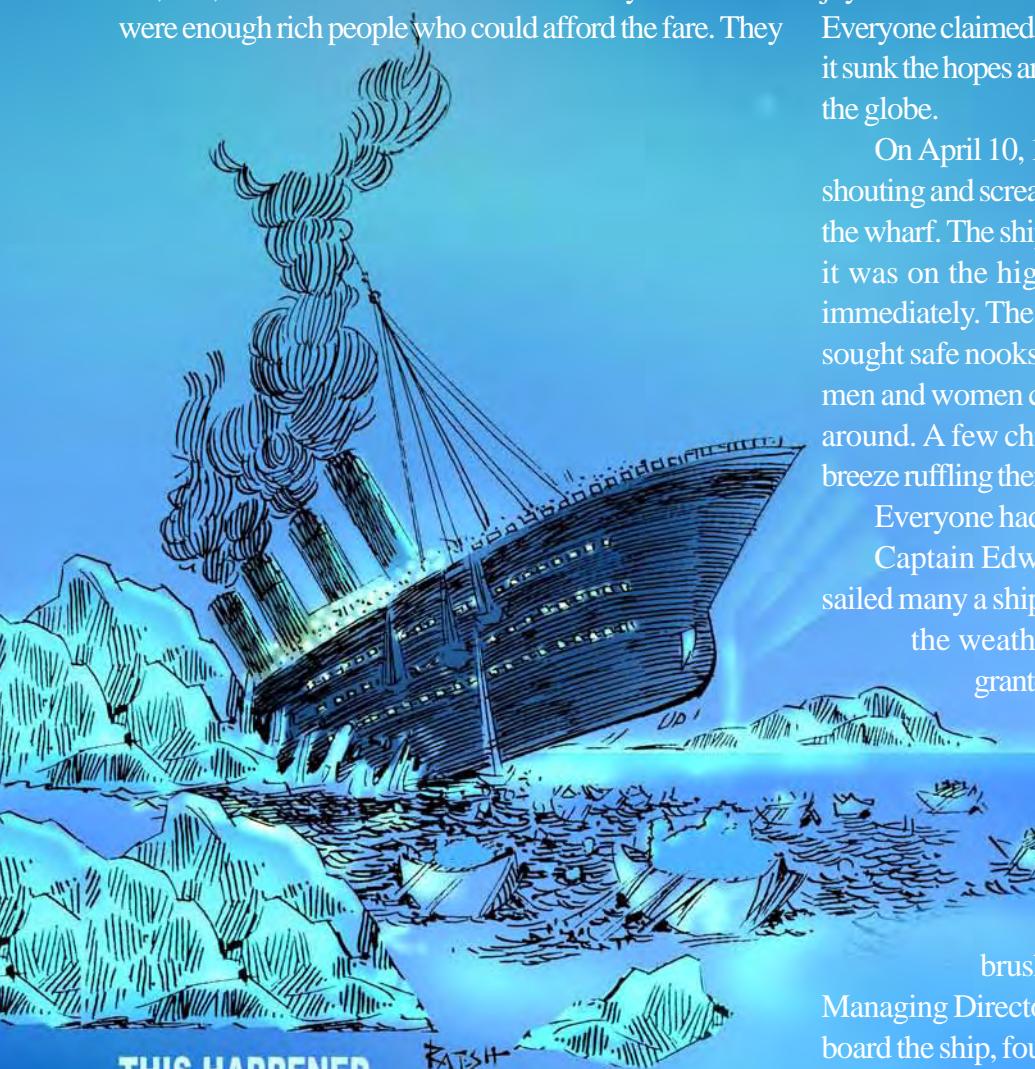
On April 10, 1912, the passengers stood at the deck, shouting and screaming, watching the wharf and those at the wharf. The ship sailed off, and picked up speed, once it was on the high seas. The revelries began almost immediately. The honeymooning couples, 13 on board, sought safe nooks to hold hands and to be together. Old men and women chose the chairs set on the deck to laze around. A few children raced across the deck, the cool breeze ruffling their hair.

Everyone had real fun on board the ship.

Captain Edward J. Smith remained alert. He had sailed many a ship and knew the vagaries of the sea and the weather gods. He would take nothing for granted. Not even the claim that the ship was unsinkable. So, on April 14, when the ship approached the section of the

Atlantic that huge icebergs claimed theirs to glide on, the Captain decided to move more cautiously to avert

brushes with icebergs. J. Bruce Ismay, the Managing Director of the White Star Line, who was on board the ship, found the fear unreasonable. Was not the ship unsinkable? Even if an iceberg hit the ship, won't the sixteen watertight compartments keep it afloat? So where



THIS HAPPENED  
IN APRIL

was the need to go slow? He insisted the ship kept the normal speed of 22 knots per hour.

Most people on board the ship had retired for the night or were at the ballroom, dancing to the music of the band. A handful of people still dared the cold icy winds and romped around the deck. The ship's lights glowed, danced on the dark waters of the sea and made the section of the sea star-spangled.

Midnight was just half an hour away. The ship raced through, pushing aside huge blocks of ice that dotted the waters, asserting its right to set its own course. One moment, the ship was in fine shape. The next moment, it brushed against a huge iceberg. The passengers felt a mild jolt. Most people thought nothing of it. However, the Captain and his officers and men sensed danger, instantly. They made a quick check. Then their hearts sank. For five of the sixteen watertight compartments had developed leaks. They carried one clear message. The ship would not stay afloat for long. It would sink, in the next few hours.

The news spread, rapidly. Men and women, mostly in their night suits, with shawls and sweaters casually wrapped around, came out of the cabins. Almost everyone sensed death reaching out to them. They scurried to the deck, pushing and jostling. It was a mad race for survival. By then, the first boat had been lowered and the managing directors and their family members and friends were herded in. The boat moved out

even though it still had room for at least a hundred people.

The mad surge of people, vying with each other to get on board the boats, roused the fears of the Captain. He stepped in firmly, and told the crowd, "Women and children first." The men immediately stepped back, making way for the women and children. Some women were reluctant to leave their men behind. The men coaxed, pleaded, lied brazenly that they would somehow outlive the tragedy. The young bride of John Jacob Astor clung to him. "No, I would rather die with you," she buried her face in his shoulders. He gently hugged her, lifted her bodily and helped her into the boat even as she struggled. She crumbled into the boat, her body shaking with sobs. That was the last time she saw him.

There was a boy of 13, tall and sturdy, whom the sailors checked as he made it to the boat. "Aren't you man enough to face the crisis?" the sailor jeered. But the jeer died in his throat when the boy's mother, with tears in her eyes, frantically pulled out the documents that proved the boy's age.

The call for help went over the wireless. But the radio operator of the Leyland Liner *Californian*, just 20 miles away, was asleep. So no help arrived. Around 2.20 a.m., on April 15, the *Titanic* stood almost perpendicular to the waters. Its lights blazed, boldly, for one last time. Then it sank, taking with it more than 1,500 passengers.

It was the worst shipping tragedy of all times. It proved 'that a thing of beauty need not necessarily be a joy forever.'

-R.K.Murthi





# Newsflash

## SCULPTING ON TOOTHPICK

Sculpting on rock and metal is very common. C. Mallikarjuna Reddy of Bangalore first tried sculpting on chalk pieces that he collected from his classroom. He sent a sculpted chalk piece to the *Guinness Book of World Records*, which did not accept it for an entry. At the instance of his friends, he tried his hand at sculpting toothpicks.



Recently, in the presence of *Guinness* representatives, 24-year-old Reddy sculpted a 28-link "chain" on a finger-long toothpick.

The earlier 1993 record of 17 links stood in the name of Bob Shamey of the USA. Mallikarjuna, who hails from Toppanahalli in Kolar district of Karnataka, is a B.Sc student in Bangalore.

## MOST POPULATED

Of the ten most populated cities in the world, three are in India, according to the latest U.N. statistics released in February. They are Mumbai (1.83 crores), Delhi (1.53 crores) and Kolkata (1.43 crores). Tokyo with a population of 3.53 crores is the most populated city in the world, followed by Mexico City (1.92 crores) and New York (1.85 crores). Next comes Mumbai. The report further states that nearly half of the world's population of 650 crores live in cities. The figure is expected to go upto 500 crores by the year 2007.

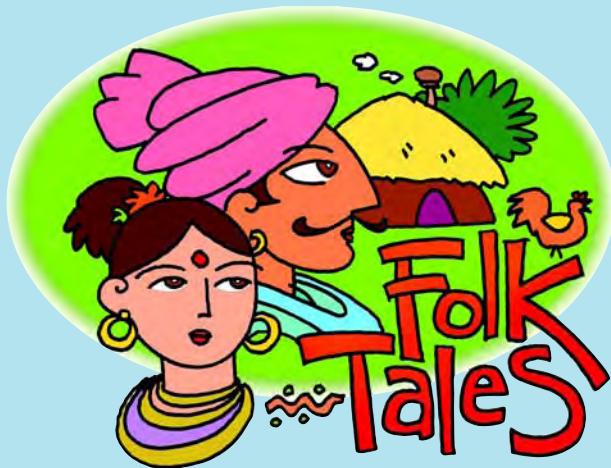


## TALL AND STRONG

Manoj Kumar Chopra (35) of Punjab, now settled down in Bangalore, is aiming to become world's strongest man. Standing 6 ft 5 inches in his socks, he can be easily described a towering personality because of his physical build. In 2002 he won the title of India's strongest man; in 2004 he got the 'strongest in Asia' title. He is now aiming at a world record. His achievements include tearing the stoutest telephone directory, tearing metal number plates, twisting metal pans, and blowing a hot water bottle like a balloon and bursting it, which is his favourite act whenever he visits schools. At the end of his awe-inspiring show,

he would caution children against tearing their 'fat' note books! As cheers go up, he distributes balloons asking them to blow them in his presence. They will be surprised to see them taking the shapes of animals, birds, and cartoon characters.





## A TALE FROM ARUNACHAL PRADESH

# AN ARCHERY CONTEST

“Hit straight!....” “Hold it close!....”

“Look right!....” “Twangg! ...”

“Release!....” “Stop!....” “Nmnmnm!....”

“Well done!....”

The sky is echoing with shrieks and shrills. All around one can hear only terse orders. Providing a musical background to this is the metallic sound of vibrating wires followed by zooming flashes across the air.

This is how life stirs up every day as the twilight breaks over the Dibang Valley slopes of Arunachal Pradesh.

If you keenly observe, you would notice that it is the scene of an archery training field. You can see a few strict looking elders instructing a large group of youngsters wielding bows and arrows. Watch still carefully, and you realise that all of them are monkeys, carrying exquisitely

made bows and arrows. Surprised ? But, then, it was long, long ago .....

In those days, the monkeys living in the forest ranges near the Idu Mishmi tribal villages were all expert archers. Few were their equals in the use of the bow and arrows. Even the Idu Mishmi men kept away from any direct conflict with them. Monkey archers could hit even a partly hidden target from any difficult angle or a swinging branch!

The monkey chiefs were very earnest and meticulous in training their off-springs. They wholly believed in the saying ‘Catch them young! ’ Their grandfathers, once stalwart archers themselves, would scour the forests and hop over many miles of tree tops to reach valleys where they could locate excellent varieties of bamboos and cane suitable for making bows and arrows. The adult monkeys brought them back to their camp. Bows were made of bamboo while cane made first-rate arrows. It was sheer delight using them!

Every morning the young monkeys went through a rigorous training session. Steadiness of hand, eye and mind was strictly observed by the elders. Often the adults, too, joined the mock fights and then the valley would rain arrows! No one – not even Mr. Deer with his lightning speed or the acrobat Mr. Black Bear – would cross that area during this time. Any careless wanderer would only land in the jungle hospital! “Do you want to be blown to pieces?” Mother reptiles and other creatures would strictly warn their little ones who tried to venture out for a morning stroll.



Thus passed many months and years. But monkeys are monkeys! It was Nutty, the young son of the monkey Chief, who raised his voice first. "Shouldn't there be some fun, at least some times? Of what use is all our shooting skills, if it cannot be used once a while?" he asked.

"Yes", chorused his friends Lalu and Kalu. "Shouldn't we at least once teach that haughty Tusker and the cheeky Tigger a little lesson that they shouldn't ignore us?"

"Oh, how nice it would be to give them a stunning treat?" echoed Mittu, the timid monkey. Jabby, the young blackie scowled: "Look at that cunning wolf, leaping on poor little Moorgi. What harm is there to put an arrow

The news soon reached *Ano*, a powerful but kind-hearted god of all living beings. One day a group of forest-denizens reached him. "Hello! How is that all of you have come together? You look worried" *Ano* said in welcome.

"My Lord, what shall we say?" moaned the Hornbill bird. "No one can live peacefully these days."

"Lord!" spoke *Gajan*, the tusker respectfully. "There is no end to the harassment by these unruly monkeys! Yesterday, just as my baby opened its mouth to swallow a banana, he uttered a yell! A sharp arrow had hit his throat! How my baby cried! When I looked up, there were two of those villains sitting on a branch, making faces at me!"

"My Lord, look at this!" pleaded Robin the rabbit as he showed his bandaged leg forward. "We'd been practising feverishly for Jungle Tourney yesterday. Just as we started, I fell flat like a stick with four arrows on my legs! I would have surely won!" sobbed Robin.

"Come on, dear!" *Ano* the god patted the rabbit tenderly. "I understand. Don't worry. I shall take care of the monkeys. Please go back peacefully."

The next day *Ano* summoned the monkey Chief. "So how're your fellows doing in archery?" he asked the Chief. "I heard they are the talk of the town?"

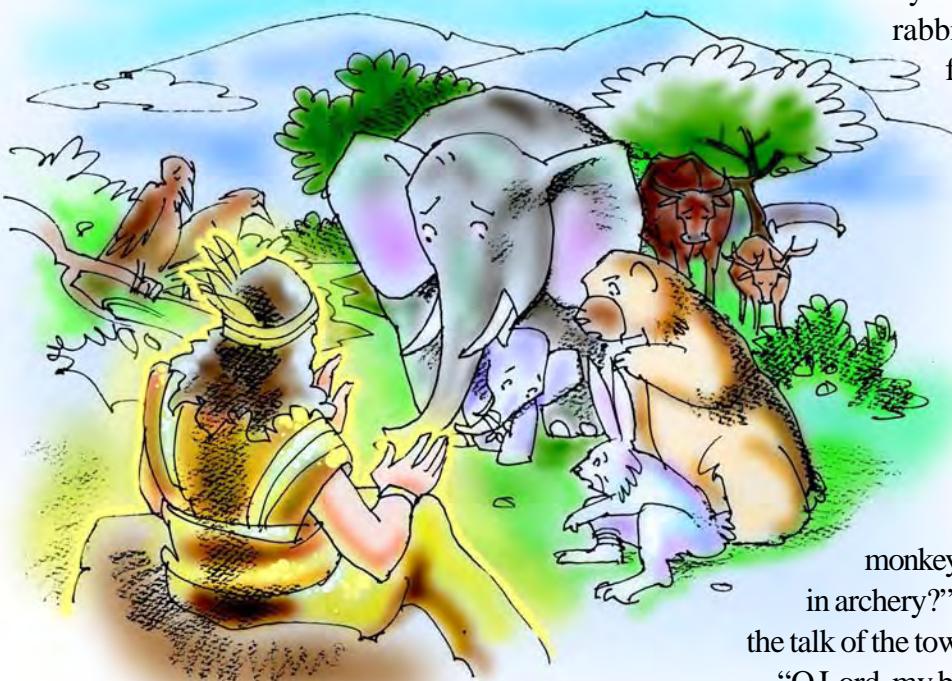
"O Lord, my boys are doing very well," replied the Chief.

"Will you win the Gold in Jungle Tourney this year?" *Ano* asked again.

"Yes, my Lord! Many of my lads are in top form. Even the little fellows can now shoot down a fluttering butterfly or a speeding sparrow!"

"I see!" *Ano* remarked. "I want to see it myself. Why don't you send your best archer for a contest tomorrow at the river bank?"

The next day a handsome young monkey armed with bow and arrows came before *Ano* and bowed. *Ano*, too, was carrying a bow and some arrows.



straight into his cruel claws! Oh it would be hilarious!" Everyone laughed aloud. As they chatted on, fanciful ideas started emerging. Soon many young heroes were ready for some real fun!

Soon it was all over the Dibang forests. Complaints against the monkeys started spreading around. Daily someone or the other was hurt or disgraced as the mischief-mongers started fooling around. Even the Idu Mishmi villagers were not spared. Arrows whizzed past the heads of babies or hit and knocked off old men's hats. At times, a piece of meat kept for smoking just flew away leaving the Idu mothers helpless!

"So you are ready for a contest?"  
The god turned to the monkey.

"Sure, my Lord!" spoke the archer firmly.

"Right, look at that." Ano pointed to the other bank.  
"See that rock in the water near the shore?"

"Oh yes." The monkey peered into the water.

"You've to hit that rock with your arrow," Ano explained. "Whoever hits it, wins. I shall begin."

"Right ho!" agreed the monkey spiritedly.

The contest began. Both took aim intently.

"Nomngg!" came the metallic clang from Ano's arrow as it sped through the air. It sank into the water at the other end and hit the rock. "Thakk!" Four more arrows followed and hit the target.

Now it was the monkey's turn. "Twanngg!" The warrior's arrow sped like lightning to the other end. As both watched tensely, the arrow skimmed along the surface of the water and struck the sand. The monkey stood stunned. "My! My arrow just didn't go into the



water! I've lost!" He shot again. Once again the arrow skimmed along the water surface but did not sink into the water. This was repeated every time.

As the monkey realised his failure, his proud face sank. He walked away with a stooping body.

Ano smiled to himself. He had been sure of his victory. For, his arrow was made of iron, while the monkey's was made of cane and it could never sink into the water.

From that day, the monkeys lost their ability to use the bows and arrows.

-S.Mundayoor



Three sons left home, went out on their own and prospered. Getting back together, they discussed the gifts they were able to give their aged mother. The first said, "I built a big house for our Mother." The second said, "I sent her a Mercedes with a driver." The third smiled and said, "I have beat you both. You remember how

Mom enjoyed reading the Bible? And you know she can't see very well any longer. I sent her a unique parrot that recites the entire Bible. It took the Elders in the church 12 years to teach him. He's one of a kind. Mom has just to name the chapter and verse, and the parrot recites it."

Soon thereafter, Mom sent out her letters of thanks: "Milton," she wrote to one son, "the house you built is huge. I live in only one room, but I have to clean the whole house." "Gerald," she wrote to another, "I'm too old to travel any more. My eyesight isn't what it used to be. I stay most of the time at home, so I rarely use the Mercedes. And the driver is so rude!" "Dearest Donald," she wrote to her third son, "you've the good sense to know what your Mother likes. The chicken was delicious!"

## Sons' Gifts



## World title and a hat-trick

India's **Pankaj Advani** won the world Billiards Championship held at Qawra, in Malta, in March. He beat compatriot and national champion Devendra Joshi, on a point format 6-2. It was the third successive win for the 20-year-old youth from Bangalore. In February, he lifted the Asian Billiards Championship with an impressive 5-0 victory over Praput of Thailand; in January he had defeated Devendra Joshi by four points in the National Billiards Championship.



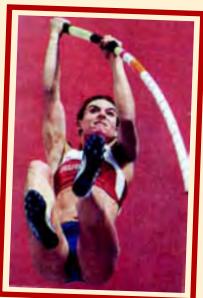
## A milestone for Sachin Tendulkar

**Sachin Tendulkar** is the fifth member of what is called the '10,000 club' - of those cricketers who have scored 10,000 and more runs in Test matches. On the opening day of the second India-Pakistan Test at Kolkata on March 16, Sachin reached the target score and took 25 more runs before ending his 122nd innings. The other members of the exclusive club are Alan Border of Australia (11,174 runs in 156 innings), Steve Waugh, also of Australia (10,927-168), Sunil Gavaskar of India (10,122-125), and Brian Lara of West Indies (10,094-112). In the first Test of the current series played at Mohali, Sachin was only a whisker away from the magic total. His total then stood at 9,973 runs. It was in 1989-90 that Sachin played his first Test, that too against Pakistan, in Karachi. He was then only 16 years old.

## India joins Formula One racing



Formula One is the ultimate in automobile racing. For the first time, there is Indian participation with Coimbatore-born **Narain Karthikeyan** entering the Australian Grand Prix and the Malaysian Grand Prix - both in March. In Melbourne, he finished 15th and in Sepang he improved his position to the 11th. In Melbourne, Karthikeyan was competing against the reigning world champion Michael Schumacher, who dropped out after 42 laps. In Sepang, Schumacher was placed 7th. Karthikeyan had an obsession with cars even when he was a boy. He was only 9, when he drove his father's Ambassador without his knowledge.



## 13th world record

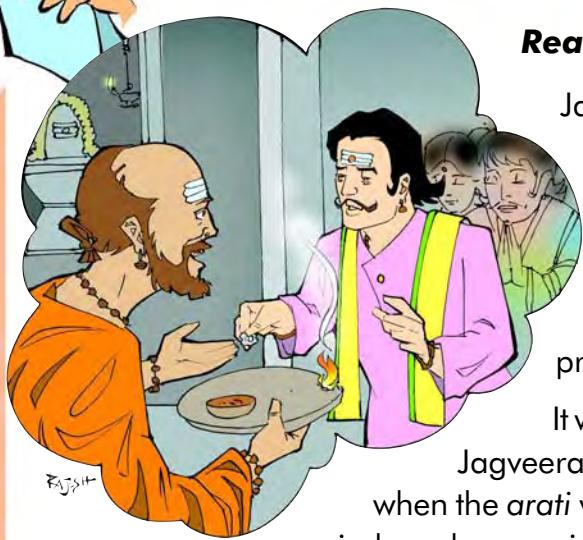
**Yelena Isinbayeva** of Russia broke the world record in women's pole vault for the 13th time when she cleared 4.90m at the European Indoors Championships in Madrid, Spain, on March 7. It was 1cm more than the record she had set in Levin, France, a month before.

# READ AND REACT

**A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS  
CASH PRIZE OF RS. 250 FOR THE BEST ENTRY**



**Read the story below:**



Jagveera was the zamindar of Parma village. He was very rich and possessed plenty of wealth. Yet he was a miser. He would pose himself as a pious man and never fail to visit the temple for the morning and the evening worship. But he would not drop any coin on the arati tray, unlike other worshippers. Of course, the priest never took it amiss.

It was Sivaratri and there was elaborate puja in the evening.

Jagveera was in the front row facing the *sanctum sanctorum* when the arati was being taken. As usual the pujari took the tray to the zamindar, who surprised him by placing a ten paise coin on the tray.

"Sir, you're the first one to make an offering today, but don't you think a mere ten paise is an insult? How about another ten paise?"

- ♦ How do you think the zamindar would have reacted?
- ♦ Would he have waited to see how much the others gave?

Write down your answer in not more than 150 words, give a title to your entry, and mail it to us along with the coupon below in an envelope marked "Read and React".

**CLOSING DATE : April 30, 2005**

Name ----- Age ----- Date of birth -----

School ----- Class -----

Home address -----

-----

----- PIN code -----

Parent's signature

Participant's signature

**CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED**

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# Photo Caption CONTEST

*Can you write a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other?*

You may write it on a post card marking it:

**Photo Caption Contest,  
CHANDAMAMA**

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of the current month.

## WINNING ENTRY

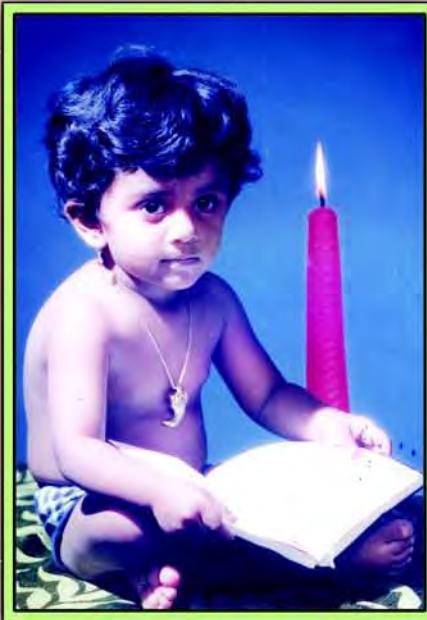
*"Ready to perform"  
"Ready to play"*



*Congratulations!*

February 2005 Lucky Winner:  
**UMAR FARUQUE (RAJIB)**

N.S.Road, W/D-4,  
P.O. and Dist. Dhubri  
Assam 783 301.



SPOORTHY REDDY V.H.



MAHANTESH C. MORABAD

The best entry will receive a Prize of Rs.100 and it will also be published in the issue after the next. Please write your address legibly and add PIN code.

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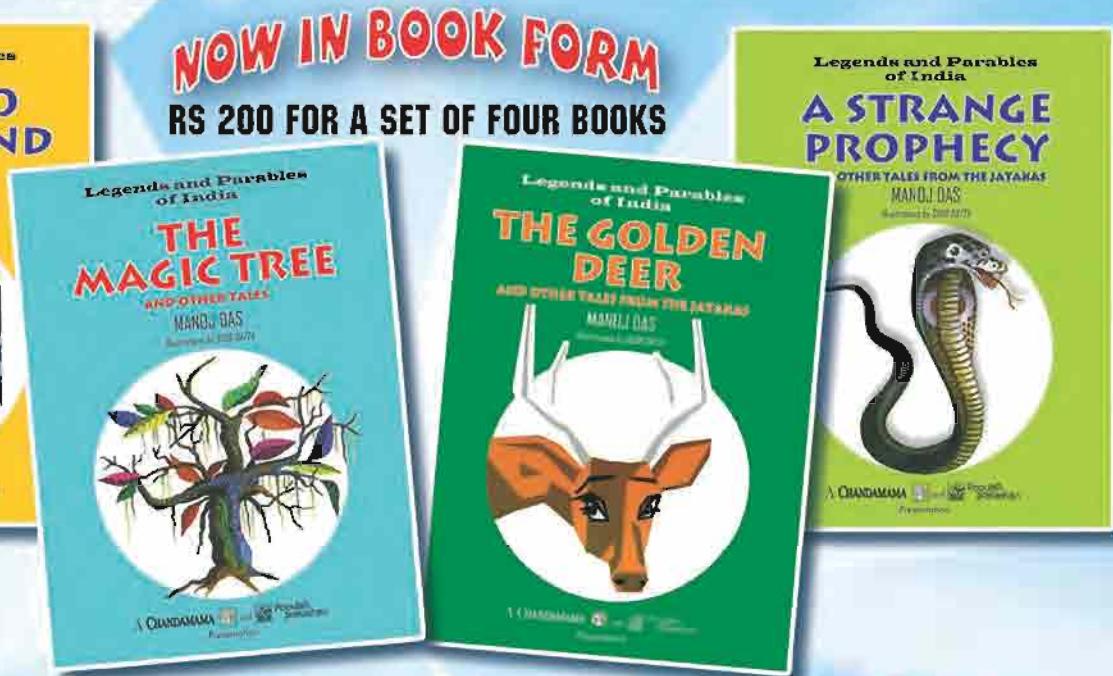
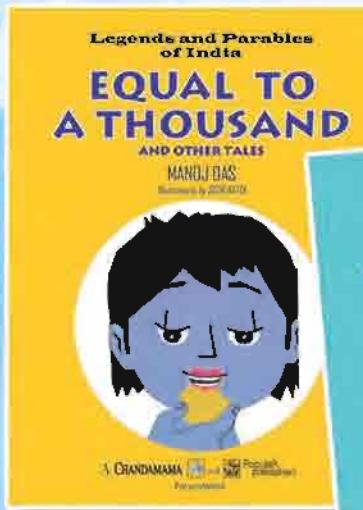
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From the pen of Saraswati Samman and Sahitya Akademi Award winner  
**MANOJ DAS**

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## SAFETY ON THE ROAD

**V**eena's class has been asked to participate in an essay competition on the topic of 'Road Safety'. The competition is being held in connection with the Road Safety Week celebrations. The entries will be judged by a panel of learned judges including the City Police Commissioner, who will give away the prizes. The whole class participates with great zeal.

Soon the big day for the announcement of the names of prize-winners and prize distribution dawns, and the class eagerly waits to hear the name of the lucky First Prize winner.

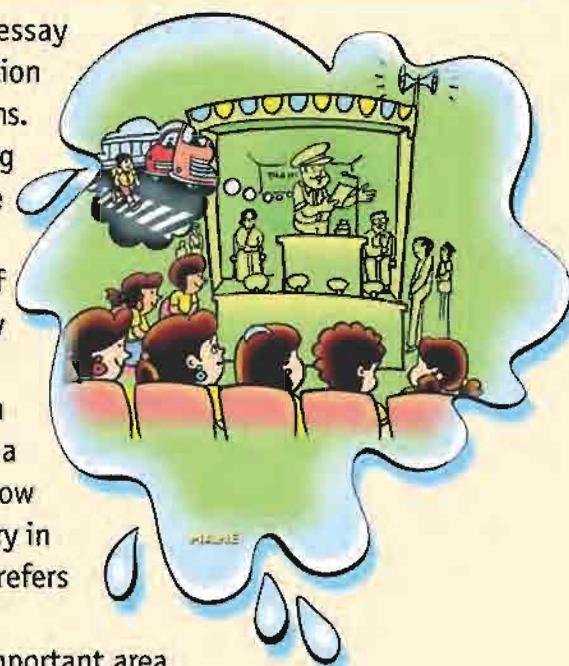
The Commissioner rises in his seat. "All of you have written very well, giving so many good ideas that it has been quite a task for us to choose the best entry. You have written about how motorists and pedestrians can keep the road safe. But one entry in particular has impressed us – because it is the only one that refers to safety at a zebra crossing."

He pauses, and then continues: "A zebra crossing is an important area on the road, because it is considered safe for pedestrians. Vehicles are expected to slow down here. But the writer of the winning essay has pointed out one important fact – that *even at a zebra crossing*, one must not dart across, but stop, look right, look left, and then right again, listen for the oncoming traffic and then, *only then*, cross.

"You know, children, a careless pedestrian is risking not just his own life, but the lives of a whole lot of other road users. He may cause a serious road accident. For, in trying to avoid hitting him, a motorist might crash into something or someone else, or a 'cascade effect' may be caused by the vehicles behind crashing into one another as the one in front stops to avoid the pedestrian. So, it is imperative that a pedestrian be just as careful as the drivers at a crossing.

"The only person whose essay dwells on this point is Veena, and so we have unanimously decided to award the First Prize to her!"

The speech of the Commissioner of Police receives claps. When they die down, a thunderous applause greets Veena as she rises on her feet, blushing, and walks up to the stage.



**BE A GOOD  
PEDESTRIAN**



**Cross Zebra Crossing  
Carefully**



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